

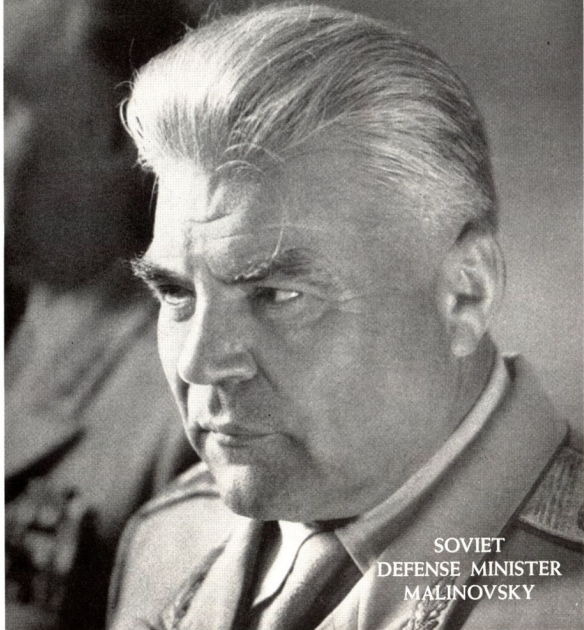
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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



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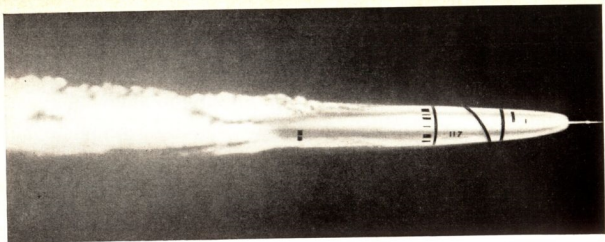


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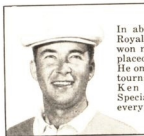


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LETTERS

The U-2 Over the Summit

Sir:

As one citizen of the U.S., I will sleep a little better each night now knowing that this Government has been for some time securing my future by sending reconnaissance expeditions to spy on clever, clandestine and cunning Russia.

MARGARET MORTON

New York City

Sir:

No amount of sugar-coating by your reporting of the U-2 incident or fast footwork by soothing politicians can gloss over the cold, hard, terrifying fact that this nation is provoking war. How many Russian planes have been shot down over the States lately? After this incident, Khrushchev smells like a rose, and America just smells.

L. R. NICHOLL

Colorado Springs, Colo.

Sir:

I prefer a little embarrassment to another Pearl Harbor.

JACK STEPHENSON

Jacksonville

Sir:

Seeing Francis Powers' picture on the cover of your May 16 issue was a genuine surprise. Hats off for a job well done!

CHARLES F. McDONALD

Philadelphia

Sir:

Your Powers' cover story is a sad example of the "great drama" reduced to a piece of poor reporting under the hushing pressure of a frantic, impersonal effort to meet at any price a merciless deadline.

GEORGE YACOVUB

Jamaica, N.Y.

Sir:

Rather than apologizing for being alive, would it not be criminally negligent on the part of the Western peoples not to carry out reconnaissance of Russia? And is it logical to feel apologetic about legitimate self-defense? And is it moral to apologize for discharging freely accepted obligations to your friends? And is it even sane to feel guilty about living up to the ideals of the men who founded the American republic, or trying to?

R. L. WESTINGHOUSE

Florence, Italy

Well, Uh . . .

Sir:

Your writers give me a pain. TIME, May 9, states that Huh, acting President of Korea, rhymes with "uh." How do you pronounce "uh"?

D. H. LUZUIS

Juneau, Alaska

¶ Uh.—Ed.

Hep to Hip

Sir:

Re your May 2 story on jazz & drugs: your etymology of "hip" is strictly off the cob.

DAN M. MORGENSTERN

New York City

Sir:

How un-hip (un-hep) this TIME. "Hip" replaced the enunciation "hep," which had all the current meanings. Why? Because some hepster preferred the key of

i to that of e, just as English vowel changes produced "Jem" for "Jim."

The etymon is in old English wrestling—to have on the hip; to render an opponent powerless because tractionless.

San Francisco

PETER TAMONY

Abstract Coincidence

Sir:

Is Artist Grace Hartigan's pose and striped lounging robe [May 2] more than a coin-



Cone Collection, Baltimore Museum of Art
MATISSE'S "THE PURPLE ROBE"

cidental resemblance to that of Matisse's mysterious model in *The Purple Robe*?

GERALD F. SCHAYE

St. Louis

¶ No. It was as unplanned as one of her paintings.—Ed.

Long Life & Taxes

Sir:

What the Forand bill means to me: it means that from now to the year 2006, when I will be 65, I will be burdened with one more heavy tax. To pay this tax, I will be forced to work harder so that my health will fail, and I will finally be able (if I live that long) to take advantage of its benefits.

GERALD SERLIN

Bayside, N.Y.

Sir:

Medical science presents a comical contradiction in taking credit for longer life span and then lobbying against giving us its services.

CLARA MILLS WARD

Metropolis, Ill.

Sir:

I would like to comment on Los Angeles County Hospital. More than 50% of our patients are aged 60 or older. We see people daily who have been rejected by their families, lost all their savings, and with their bodies racked by chronic illness. They have no incentive to get well, no hope of finding a useful place in a society they themselves founded. It seems to me that the problem lies more in what to do with these people after we cure them than in curing them itself.

D. ROSE

Senior Nurse

Los Angeles County Hospital

Los Angeles

Sir:

Your footnote, which states that "the U.S. is the world's only major industrial country

without some form of national medical insurance for the aged," completely disregards the fact that under the present medical system our mortality rates are the lowest, our longevity the longest, and our public health the finest of any of these "socialized" countries. Thank goodness our President had the courage to speak out as being "utterly opposed" to any compulsory insurance program.

RICHARD J. HELFMAN

Captain, U.S.A.F.

Eglin Air Force Base, Fla.



ARTIST HARTIGAN

Cecil Beaton

How Dry They Were

Sir:

That charming lady who takes issue on Senator John F. Kennedy's age [May 9] probably belongs to my own age bracket, people of such vintage often being apt to look down on youngsters of 42 years of age as "not dry behind the ears."

ALBERT CONTI, 73

Hollywood

Sir:

Thank God that age was not a deciding factor in keeping the following patriots from public service during our struggle for independence: in 1776 Patrick Henry was 40, Thomas Paine was 39, James Jefferson was 33, John Jay was 31, James Madison was 25, and Alexander Hamilton was 19.

Theodore Roosevelt was 42 when he became President.

JAMES J. O'ROURKE JR.

Chicago

Rye on the Rocks

Sir:

Re your May 9 story wherein you wrote that Fear Levin nearly got the ax for teaching *The Catcher in the Rye*: I am one up on her.

I got fired. This means that my contract will not be renewed in June. The crime, as cited: attempting to teach *The Catcher in the Rye*. But before I had a chance to teach the book even one day. Principal (of Male High School) W. S. Milburn, also president of the Louisville board of aldermen and a member of Citizens for Decent Literature, banned the book—without reading it. I protested in vain. Indeed, it was the unheard-of defiance in protesting such a dictum that led to my dismissal.

DONALD M. FIENE

Louisville

Sir:

TIME calls me "Teacher Levin . . . a sometime novelist." I prefer to be called Novelist Levin . . . a sometime teacher. Five novels; one year of teaching. Nor were adult citizens equally divided. Eight parents objected; some



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Howard Hopkins
MRS. LEVIN & FAMILY

2,000 went on record endorsing me as a teacher and my wisdom to choose suitable literature for their youngsters.

BEATRICE LEVIN

Tulsa, Okla.

¶ Novelist Levin's published work is *The Lonely Room* (Bobbs-Merrill, 1950). In the hands of her publisher are *Indian Summer*, *Corners of Exile*, *The Singer* and *the Summer Song and Off-Season*.—ED.

Sir:

Our tenth-grade English class has just finished reading *The Catcher in the Rye*. We were neither impressed nor corrupted by the language in the book. Nor did we think it a "beautiful and moving" story. Repeating unpleasant language, which most of us have already heard somewhere, was not the point of studying this book. We read it because it is well written, and we learned a lot from discussing Holden Caulfield's problems.

LINDA STRETCH

Germantown Friends School
Philadelphia

Sir:

You may be interested to know that at the instigation of student protest against the stench of its vocabulary, *Catcher* has recently been removed from circulation by our library.

ELVA MCALLASTER
Professor of English

Greenville College
Greenville, Ill.

Right & Left

Sir:

Your May 2 article on Senator Goldwater was greatly appreciated. It is true that such people as enjoyed Roosevelt's socialism will

not adhere to Senator Goldwater's ideas, but there are plenty of students and young people who, disgusted with an older generation's senseless fears, will be glad to carry his banner. We young people grow tired of having older people put us in debt.

D. J. MACDONALD

Burlington, Vt.

Sir:

I have come upon a copy of a new book by Senator Barry Goldwater called *The Conscience of a Conservative*. I cannot accurately convey to you the shock I experienced at reading a series of proposals which would undo every important social advance in this country over the past 50 years.

M. F. R. SAVARESE

Washington, D.C.

Sir:

How in the world did *TIME*'s staff ever allow the article on Senator Goldwater to be printed? Even by innuendo the basic news has not been distorted that America appears to have at last produced a Senator with moral courage. Is there hope that the courageous Mr. Goldwater will not be buried by the reviles and pressures of the liberal, socialist and left-wing vocal groups in your country and emerge as a true American leader the world so desperately needs?

SOMDEJ THAVI

Bangkok

A Turn at Bat

Sir:

TIME's May 9 issue erred in stating that *Bat Masterson* "will not return to the air next season." This program has been renewed by Scaltest Foods.

JAMES F. LUNN
Advertising Manager

Scaltest Foods
New York City

Royal Dutch Man

Sir:

Anent Royal Dutch's Sir Henri Deterding, May 9: when the Winkler County, Texas oil gushers, in the midst of the desert of Texas, hit the headlines across the world in the '20s with "Oil, 10¢ a barrel, water \$1," I drove across the trackless sand with tires deflated toward two men near a Dodge coupé with a broken axle and mired in gypsum sand up to the running boards. One was an unshaven, booted, leather-jacketed oilfield-lease found named Alton; the other, Sir Henri Deterding, immaculately dressed in English tweeds, with a pipe and a diamond stud, and a diamond twice as large in a ring he wore. I said, "Sir Henri, this must be a God-awful experience for you, stranded in the Winkler County desert." His reply: "Compared with traveling in Mesopotamia on a camel with mud up to its arse, this is a boulevard."

JACK E. BRYAN

St. Petersburg, Fla.

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Bernard M. Auer

WHILE the explosion of the summit conference last week affected the lives of a lot of people all around the world, few felt the sudden turn of events more directly than TIME Associate Editor Robert C. Christopher. Ten hours before the bulletins began to clang out of Paris about Nikita Khrushchev's torpedoing of the conference, Writer Christopher had put the finishing touches on a cover story about the summit. When the blowup came, he had to pull his story apart and put it together again to assess and analyze the new situation, all under taut deadline pressure. Thirty-six hours later he was at work on a new cover story—this week's on Soviet Defense Minister Rodion Y. Malinovsky.

Writing cover stories is not new to Bob Christopher; this is his 25th since he came to TIME in 1950. Nor is English his only language. He studied French and Japanese at Yale, achieved a facility in Japanese during World War II as a U.S. Army intelligence officer in the Pacific. Called back into the Army in the Korean war, he soon acquired a reading knowledge of Chinese. Later, as a correspondent in TIME's Rome bureau, he picked up Italian.

AT 36, writer Christopher does most of his reading and writing in English. At one time he used to speed through eight to ten books a week, but now, with a family—he and his wife June have three children, aged 3 to 7—he gets through only four books a week. Last week TIME's correspondents working on the cover story completely usurped Christopher's spare reading time—in four days bombarded him with some 70,000 words from Berlin, Bonn, London, Paris and Washington.

Among the correspondents reporting



WRITER CHRISTOPHER

to Christopher was the Paris bureau's Godfrey Blunden, who reached into the past to provide invaluable material for the story. In 1943, at the Russian village of Tchylmskaia, Blunden met Malinovsky just as the Russian officer was completing the southern arc of the historic encirclement of German forces outside Stalingrad. Last week Blunden dug up the 17-year-old notes of his interview with Malinovsky, put them on the wire to New York. At the same time, Moscow Bureau Chief Edmund Stevens, who is fluent in Russian, was forwarding personal translations of the Soviets' words—which, rough as they sounded in their own interpreters' translation, were at times rougher still in the original. Stevens' skill was particularly helpful on words like *ubudki*—used by Khrushchev to describe the West Germans—which could mean "abominations" or "Mongolian idiots" or other terms far worse than some other translators used.

Back in New York, assessing TIME correspondents' files plus a wealth of other background material from all over the world, Bob Christopher wrapped up what he hoped was his last cover-writing task at least for a few weeks. But three in a row would be a record, and who could tell what would happen next week?

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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

Summit & Consequences

At the close of as confused and sundering a week as cold-war diplomacy has seen in years came some clarity on basic points:

1. Nikita Khrushchev has lost stature. His ranting has cost him respect around the world.

2. Summity—the notion that top men, convinced of each other's good intentions, might succeed where the ordinary processes of diplomacy fail—was now discredited, perhaps for good.

3. Khrushchev's smashing of the summit and his violent abuse of the President of the U.S. were nonetheless followed by careful insistence that the Soviet Union did not want to be warlike and would postpone its demands on Berlin "for six to eight months."

4. Evidence mounted that the Russians' line had hardened even before the U-2 incident when they saw that they had little prospect of having their way at the summit (see FOREIGN NEWS). The U-2 was seized upon as a useful pretext for breaking off negotiations. Khrushchev's later assurances that the Communists did not want a war crisis was obviously intended not so much to mollify the rest of the world as the Russians themselves. His internal popularity still rests on the promise of peace and a better life.

5. There was widespread admiration through the free world for Dwight Eisenhower's dignified rebuff of Khrushchev's wild demands, but a concern—not confined to the U.S.—that Washington's handling of the U-2 affair had been clumsy and inept.

6. The brutality of Khrushchev's performance at the conference table, and later before an international gallery of newsmen, left no doubt who wrecked the summit, even among those always ready to believe the worst about the West and the best about the Soviet Union.

7. The revelation that the U-2 has been overlying Russia diminished the effects of Khrushchev's military bluster.

8. Western allies felt drawn closer together. Reality chilled but cleared the air.

9. If Khrushchev seriously needed an accommodation with Western powers and

wanted it against right-wing domestic pressures and the opposition of Red China, he had recklessly forfeited the good will of Dwight Eisenhower, the one U.S. leader with the popularity and prestige to convince a doubting U.S. of Russian good intentions.

10. The world was now in for whatever cold strategy the Russians could devise. But the long-span view might be that Nikita Khrushchev had avoided a summit testing knowing that he was behind.



IKE BACK HOME
"We had a right to hope."

Associated Press

THE PRESIDENCY

The Few Months Left

... a stone, a leaf, an unfound door.
—Thomas Wolfe

President Eisenhower's view of what he wanted most to be remembered for in office changed subtly in his 7½ years as President. He ended the Korean war; he prided himself in taking some of the acrimony of partisanship out of the U.S. atmosphere; and fiscal economy was always in his mind. But increasingly, Ike envisioned himself as engaged in one overriding personal mission, to bring a "just and lasting

peace." He ran for re-election, he told friends, because "I want to advance our chances for world peace, if only by a little, maybe only a few feet." He told a press conference in 1955: "There is no place on this earth to which I would not travel, there is no chore I would not undertake, if I had any faintest hope that, by so doing, I would promote the general cause of world peace." The determination became more compelling after the death of John Foster Dulles. "I have relatively few months left," he said, before starting on his eleven-nation world tour last December, "and such prestige and standing as I have in the earth. I want to use it. I am going to work on this in every possible way I can."

After months of turning a leaf, a stone, the President's quest took him to Paris last week and what he had hoped was the unfound door. In the cabinet room of the Elysée Palace, he sat silent, his facial muscles taut, red blotches of anger flashing in his face, as Nikita Khrushchev slammed shut the door in his rage. Three hours later, Ike walked from the room. "For the first time since I gave up smoking," he said, "I wanted a cigarette just to give myself something to do." In the privacy of the U.S. embassy later, Ike loosed his pent-up temper, swore vigorously, muttered over and over again, "I'm just fed up."

"Incredible!" The President was hurt ("A lot," said an aide), but no one was allowed to know how much. He sat, dignified and stern, with De Gaulle and Macmillan while the three waited for Khrushchev to show up (see FOREIGN NEWS). Although his own prestige was involved in the U-2 issue, there

was no thought of degrading concessions once Khrushchev lit into him. Next afternoon, in his two-room suite at the U.S. embassy, the President read the wire-service reports of Khrushchev's wild press conference. "Incredible!" he said as he leafed through the bulletins. "Unbelievable!"

He left Paris with a perfunctory statement sharing "the disappointment of my colleagues that we have not been able to begin the work for which we came."

"Tighten Our Belts." In Lisbon he got the lavish affection that he needed to buoy his spirits. Arriving four days ahead of schedule, the President found that the Portuguese had nevertheless got their wel-



Associated Press

WASHINGTON'S WELCOME TO EISENHOWER
The cheers of 200,000 for a passion still unspent.

come ready in time: there were warm greetings from President Américo Tomás and Strongman António de Oliveira Salazar, a 21-gun salute, and enthusiastic thousands lining the streets to see him. "I'm sure glad to be here and away from there," he said. But despite his happy mood, his staff caught flashes of concern in his face, and in his stumbling arrival speech.

The concern flushed to the surface as he spoke informally to 150 Lisbon-based U.S. military and State Department workers and their families. "Did you see that cartoon not long ago where it says, 'The next speaker needs all the introduction he can get'? Well, I rather feel that way, after coming from this last meeting in Paris. While none of the world—certainly none of the free world—thought that there was going to be any great revolutionary gains, still, we had a right to hope. I think, there would be some further amelioration of those conditions that seem to cause so much disorder and tension in the world.

"Perhaps leaders here and there may make mistakes, but at least they certainly never make the mistake of deprecating or of minimizing the value of the work you people are doing. So I say, rather than being dismayed, we have to tighten our belts, put our chins up a little higher, and if we can, be more eloquent in telling the story that we have."

The Visage. Leaving Lisbon the next day, the President seemed rested, and smiled frequently, but there was a gravity in his face that seemed to pull each smile back into a lined, discouraged expression. He bade farewell to Tomás and Salazar, turned to climb the ramp into his plane. Then, as if suddenly aware that he was headed home, he stopped after three steps;

his face sagged, and he stood still for a full four seconds. Then, with an effort, he pulled his shoulders back, and turning to face the airport crowds, he grinned and clasped his hands together overhead. The crowd applauded and cheered, and Ike turned again and slowly mounted the steps.

The door of the 707 jet opened again at Washington's Andrews A.F.B.; there, as Ike came down the ramp, 2,000 people cheered and applauded, and a military band blared welcoming marches. His grim expression melted at the sounds, and Mamie Eisenhower grasped her husband's shoulders, and tears came to her eyes as she kissed him. Ike turned to meet the dozens of officials who made up the informal receiving line. Democratic and Republican leaders alike shook his hand; 24 officials from foreign embassies, who had come to the airfield on their own, added their greetings. The whole group lined the red carpet that Ike trod, reached out, shouting encouragement.

Visibly touched, the President told of his gratitude for the support of the Western nations, of the NATO Council, of his own friends at home, but warned the U.S. to "be watchful for more irritations." For example, said the President, just 30 minutes before landing, he had got word that a U.S. Air Force C-47 was missing in West Germany. "In the atmosphere in which we now have to think, we cannot be sure but that the worst has happened." (The plane, it turned out, had strayed off course in bad weather and had been forced down by Red fighters in East Germany, where the Communists were holding the five-man crew, three servicemen and a woman.) Then Ike got into his car and rode into downtown Washington. Passing cheering throngs of 200,000 peo-

ple, he waved and smiled, and when he got to the White House, he once more raised his clenched hands in salute, and disappeared.

Leaps of Trust. As a man who has given much to history, Dwight Eisenhower's deepest personal hurt must have been that Khrushchev had denied him the role in history that he coveted most. He knew that his personal prestige in the U.S. permitted him to make leaps of trust with the Russians—even to inviting Khrushchev to the U.S. within three years after Hungary—when other Americans, Democratic or Republican, dared not. To make future negotiations possible, he had made it his policy not to return offense at Russian insults. He had no wish to capitulate to the Communists, but wanted, if possible, to encourage them in a more favorable direction. All of Eisenhower's personal receptivity to finding a common path to peace, Nikita Khrushchev had chosen to expend in one angry week. Now conventional diplomacy would have to begin again.

Left unspent, though made more despairing, was Eisenhower's passion to find that stone, that leaf, that unfound door, beyond which is real peace.

FOREIGN RELATIONS High Cards

In the tons of coverage and commentary out of Paris last week, the most over-worked cliché was: "Khrushchev overplayed his hand." This implied a general agreement that the U.S. had dealt him a strong hand to play—at least for propaganda's sake. Some of the U.S.-dealt high cards:

The Question of Timing. The value of U-2 surveillance over Russia had been established by results (see Defense), but the question of whether to overfly Soviet



HAGERTY IN PARIS
Too late for open skies.

A.D.P.

territory just before the summit should have been weighed and debated at highest levels. It was not. Pilot Francis Gary Powers was brought down, and Khrushchev had a case. Air Force Chief of Staff General Thomas D. White believes the gamble was unnecessary. Had he been responsible for the U-2 flights, said White last week, the flights would have been called off well before the summit.

The Decision to Lie. The standard spy "cover story"—of a weather flight that developed oxygen failure—was put forth in haste when Khrushchev first announced that a U-2 had been shot down, and was poorly planned. Its creators had clearly never considered the very real possibility of a U-2 or its pilot being captured, and were trapped in a lie when Khrushchev had the goods. Yet such are the unchanging habits of bureaucracy that U.S. cloak-and-dagger types, only 48 hours before the scheduled start of the summit, actually prepared an announcement that U-2 oxygen gear had passed re-examination and flights would continue. Happily, this announcement was killed.

Telling the Truth. Once its cover story was exposed, the U.S. fumbled. All day, after Khrushchev announced that Pilot Powers was in custody, "alive and kicking," Secretary of State Herter conferred on the situation, finally called President Eisenhower at Gettysburg, and got his approval for a State Department statement. Eisenhower and Herter announced that the surveillance flight had taken place (and thus admitted the first U.S. lie), and justified the U-2 program on the basis of the fear of surprise attack. Then, because Khrushchev himself had publicly seemed to exonerate President Eisenhower of blame, they went along with the diplomatic game by stating that the flight had been made without the knowledge of authorities in Washington.

Taking Responsibility. It took just one day for Ike to realize his mistake. An editorial flap blew up because the President had apparently been unaware of one of his Administration's most delicate and dangerous activities. Presidential ignorance of a specific plane flight would not have been beyond belief. But no charge by the political opposition gives Press Secretary Jim Hagerty more than the charge that Ike is not on top of his job. Furthermore, Communist propaganda likes to say that Eisenhower is the innocent dupe of Pentagon "war planners." Ike reversed himself, aggressively shouldered all the blame for the U-2 May Day flight. By this time critics were saying that the U.S. should stick to one side or the other, moralists were saying that the U.S. should not lie, and sophisticates in the espionage trade were saying that the U.S. did wrong to tell the truth.

Reversing the Policy. Before he left for Paris, Secretary of State Herter made a statement justifying continued overflights. Reporters were told to draw their own conclusions. Press Secretary Hagerty bluntly denied a New York Times story that U-2 flights had been canceled. Ike,

in his final pre-Paris press conference, seemed to echo Herter's position.

The purpose of all such subterfuge was to give Ike a bargaining point at the conference table. He planned to offer the U-2 and its equipment to the U.N. for international "open skies" inspection, and in the same package to abandon overflights of Russia. But he waited too long. Khrushchev boldly played his propaganda high card, one that could easily have been finessed by a pre-Paris announcement that the flights had been discontinued.

Finally, under Khrushchev's intense pressure, Hagerty announced that Ike had actually ordered the U-2 flights canceled just before leaving for Paris. The order had gone, said Hagerty, to the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs, General Nathan Twining, and to Defense Secretary Gates (thus casually demolishing the President's earlier statements that the military had no part in the U-2 program). Actually, the U-2 program died the very day Pilot Powers was shot down. As an intelligence-gathering instrument, the flights had been compromised by discovery, and CIA Director Allen Dulles, the man in charge, had canceled the program without a moment's hesitation.

By all the signs, Khrushchev intended to walk out of the game regardless of the play of cards. But his own cover story for his wrecking operation earned more credence than it should have.

POLITICS

The Peace Issue

In rudely announcing that he could not or would not negotiate with the U.S. until a new President is elected, Nikita Khrushchev waded right into U.S. politics. His humiliation of President Eisenhower was something that no American could tolerate, and Washington's first instinctive,



Don Ulrickson

LYNDON JOHNSON
Desperate coxswain.

shocked reaction was to unite behind the President. Like good coxswains, House Speaker Sam Rayburn and Senate Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson did what they could to get the Democrats to pull together with the Administration. Mister Sam clamped an iron rule of silence on one-minute opening speeches, traditional sounding board in the House, and in the Senate Johnson led the rally to Ike.

While there still seemed a prospect of continuing the summit, Adlai Stevenson and Arkansas Senator J. William Fulbright, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, joined Johnson and Rayburn in signing a cable to Ike, urging him to "convey to Premier Khrushchev the view of the opposition party in your country that he reconsider his suggestion for a postponement of the summit conference until after the national elections in this country." All this was both good patriotism and good politics. But before the week was out, even before the President returned to Washington (to be greeted by Mister Sam and a phalanx of Democratic loyalists among the 2,000 airport welcomers), politics became its more natural self.

"Confusing Zigzags." Adlai Stevenson started it. In a Washington interview, he angrily blamed the summit crisis on Administration bungling of the U-2 affair. Desperately, Johnson tried to keep the party peace ("This is definitely a time for America to unite"), but a partisan murmur had already begun. Leading the rebel yell was Johnson's own majority whip, Montana's Mike Mansfield, who predicted a congressional investigation. "At the proper time," Mansfield promised, "we shall find out what lies beneath the confusing zigzags of official pronouncements of the past fortnight."

Politicians knew the issue had thorny possibilities, and grasped the nettle gingerly. But the kind of arguments they



ADLAI STEVENSON
Angry apostle.

would use were already being made by the pundits. In an odd dispatch that almost achieved a "plague on both your houses" equality between Khrushchev's and Eisenhower's performances, the New York Times's Washington Bureau Chief James Reston called the summit "a serious defeat for the President and his whole system of delegating presidential power to subordinates at critical moments in the history of the nation." Added Columnist Walter Lippmann: "The damage to our prestige would be irreparable if we all rallied around the President and pretended to think that there was nothing seriously wrong . . . It is the dissenters and the critics and the opposition who can restore the world's respect for American competence." Then Adlai Stevenson went all out.

Vital Negotiations. "We handed Khrushchev the crowbar and sledge hammer to wreck this meeting," said he, in an angry speech in Chicago. "Without our series of blunders, Mr. Khrushchev would not have the pretext for making his impossible demand and his wild charges." Stevenson suggested that the Democrats could best negotiate with the Russians. "The Administration has acutely embarrassed our allies and endangered our bases," said he. "They have helped make successful negotiations with the Russians—negotiations that are vital to our survival—impossible so long as they are in power. We cannot sweep this whole sorry mess under the rug in the name of national unity."

From Lewiston, Idaho came an answering echo from gallivanting Jack Kennedy, who had not been saying much about foreign affairs lately. "Our leadership appears palsied," he said, "and sympathy, not respect, is the reluctant sentiment we elicit from our allies—sympathy for the President as a man of good will, but dismay at the shocking lack in presidential directive as displayed in the U-2 incident. The maintenance of peace and the security of Berlin should not hang on the constant possibility of engine failure."

These were the first bugle notes of a cacophony that would be heard all summer. Until the summit collapse, the Republicans seemed in good control of the peace and prosperity issues. They may still be when all the dust settles. Where stood the peace issue now? Pondering the situation, G.O.P. National Chairman Thruston Morton could only shake his head: "It hasn't jelled. It hasn't jelled."

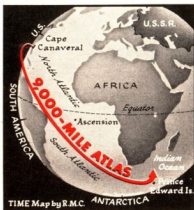
Unfavorable Accents. The New York Times's veteran Arthur Krock, admitting that "this is only hope, but American politicians are incurably addicted to its use," passed on this consensus of Washington politicians:

"The new critical aspects of the world situation have raised the Democratic convention stocks of Johnson and Stevenson. They also have given Senator Symington a better opportunity to exploit his pioneer criticisms of the Eisenhower military defense programs. They tend to accent unfavorably Senator Kennedy's youth and administrative inexperience. Nixon will be

hurt in the campaign by his obligatory defense of Executive handling of the U-2 episode, but Khrushchev's attacks will make his nomination even more certain and help his electoral prospect."

As politicians grappled with the new situation, Richard Nixon was reported by his press secretary to be "greatly shocked" by the Stevenson speech. The Republican National Committee charged that Stevenson had fallen "like a ton of bricks for the Khrushchev line." Franklin Roosevelt's onetime campaign manager, Jim Farley, 71, angrily accused Stevenson of trying "to sledge hammer and crowbar another disastrous nomination for himself as the apostle of appeasement."

Nikita Khrushchev himself had undoubtedly not made his own last contribution to the U.S. campaign, and the wariest political experts were not placing any final bets yet.



DEFENSE

Longest Stretch

The big bird screamed upward off its Cape Canaveral launching pad, nosed over toward the southeast, curved down the length of the Atlantic and navigated 9,000 miles before its nose cone splashed hard by its chosen target just south of Madagascar in the Indian Ocean. In exactly 52½ minutes last week, the 130-ton, 75-ft. Atlas rocket set a new U.S. missile record and beat the Russians' best distance mark by more than 1,000 miles.

The long shot needed a nicety of aiming and timing. Soaring 1,000 miles toward outer space at speeds up to 17,000 m.p.h., the instrument-packed Atlas would have arced into orbit if its trajectory had been a shade lower or if its engines had cut out seconds late. But everything clicked precisely. As the earth spun beneath it, the rocket traced a twisting trajectory across the surface of the globe. It shaded the coast of Brazil, looped around the Cape of Good Hope, was heading almost due east when it dumped its payload into the sea. It had flown across one-third of the world without once flying over land.

Originally, like the Russians' dummy in a spaceship, the shot had been scheduled to impress the world on the eve of the summit, but technical failures delayed it.

Even after the delay, it made its point: that the Atlas can reach any target in the world from hardened bases in the continental U.S. And it proved that the missile has enough extra boost to indulge in a roundabout, enemy-confusing route.

The U-2's Record

The moment the Lockheed U-2 made a name for itself, it was a goner—grounded by the unforgiving glare of publicity. But in its brief career, while its mission and its methods were still a well-kept secret, the high-soaring U.S. intruder logged one of the most rewarding records in the history of military aviation. Bits and pieces of that record leaked out last week after the U-2 was ordered from the flight line, its clandestine usefulness damaged beyond immediate repair by the bad luck of getting caught.

Over the four years of its unchallenged high flying, the U-2 made contributions to U.S. defense, said one high-ranking Air Force general, that were "simply colossal." Using its infra-red detectors, its radars and its conventional cameras, it mapped hundreds of thousands of square miles of Soviet territory. With its pinpoint pictures it revised the face of Air Force charts. Prior to U-2 flights, the U.S. depended primarily on World War II German aerial photos for target material. Today the folders of SAC bomber crews bulge with accurate pictures of potential enemy targets. Guidance data, which are cranked into the navigation systems of U.S. B-52s and B-47s, come from the long-winged U-2. Thor missiles in England, the new Atlases in the U.S., even the lowly, air-breathing Matadors and Maces facing eastward from Europe have been primed with dope from U-2 missions.

But this is the kind of information that ages overnight. Targets change; new menaces appear. The demand for more and more intelligence is endless. The U-2 had a busy future planned when everything was ruined by Pilot Francis Powers' crash near Sverdlovsk. Powers himself had hoped to photograph the ICBM and satellite launching area in the vast, lonely desert near the Aral Sea. His specific target was a great new rocket at least twice the size of the U.S.'s mighty 107-ft. Atlas Centaur. Earlier, in 1958, the Soviets had set up a giant rocket complex in the same area, and the U-2s had snapped shots of one of the superbirds on its pad. Then the rocket, the pad—everything—disappeared. Only a huge crater and surrounding area of destruction suggested the disaster that had hit the test site.

Much of the U-2 accomplishment is still held secret and much of its career will remain under wraps indefinitely—at least until successful, camera-equipped reconnaissance satellites take its place in global skies. Apart from Francis Powers, even its skilled pilots from CIA's secret 10/10 squadron will have to remain anonymous. "If the full story is ever told," said a high-ranking U.S. intelligence man last week, "there won't be enough medals to pin on pilots."

ESPIONAGE

While Talking Peace

On a campaign swing through upstate New York, Vice President Richard Nixon last week dropped into a press conference the kind of privileged news scoop that drives the Democrats wild. At the time of Khrushchev's visit to the U.S. last fall, said Nixon, the FBI picked up two Soviet agents operating in Springfield, Mass.⁶—more proof, said he, that the U.S. has no reason to be ashamed of the U-2 flights over Russia. Nixon's headline brought Democratic outcries that he was playing politics with confidential information, but behind it, nonetheless, was still another untold story of ceaseless Soviet espionage in the U.S.

The story began early last year when a young U.S. Army veteran, touring Mexico with his wife, heard that the Russians were offering scholarships for study in Moscow, went around to the Soviet embassy to apply. His Soviet interviewer got interested when the ex-G.I., answering routine questions, indicated that he had spent part of his Army service as a cryptographer, was thoroughly familiar with U.S. code systems and cryptographic techniques. He was told he would hear from the Russians later. Back home in Springfield, Mass. last April, he was visited by one Vadim Alexandrovich Kirilyuk, who introduced himself as a member of the Trusteeship Division of the United Nations Secretariat,[†] told him his scholarship application was coming along nicely. But what a shame it was, said Kirilyuk,

6 Nixon originally said "in Illinois," but Massachusetts turned out to be right.

† Members of the U.N. Secretariat can travel through the U.S. without restriction, while other Russians in the U.S.—even those in the Soviet delegation at the U.N.—are limited to specific areas.



Associated Press

MORSE IN OREGON
Drubbing of a lifetime.

to waste all that valuable experience in cryptography. While waiting for the scholarship, why not get a job in Washington handling codes and cryptography with one of the top U.S. security agencies? Kirilyuk came back several times, sometimes with a Russian companion, and always amiably brought the conversation around to the subject of cryptography.

Shortly after one visit, an FBI agent knocked on the door to ask some questions about Kirilyuk. The ex-G.I. and his wife, nervous anyway about the increasing baldness of the Russian proposition, told their story, then joined in arranging several more meetings with Kirilyuk, which the FBI observed. A key meeting took place Sept. 18, the day that Nikita Khrushchev was appealing for universal disarmament at the United Nations.

Secretary of State Christian Herter decided against arrest and prosecution, said Nixon, because it might embarrass Guest Khrushchev. Instead, the evidence was taken quietly to U.N. Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjöld, and within days Kirilyuk and his family were on their way home. There were no arrests, no speeches, no recriminations. Total score of Soviet diplomats known to have been kicked out by the U.S. in the past ten years: 15—eight from the Soviet embassy in Washington, seven from the U.N.

DEMOCRATS

Seven Up

The Oregon trail for Senator John Fitzgerald Kennedy was really the end of a long, grinding, cross-country reconnaissance in force. In the Oregon primary last week, the youthful Bostonian gave U.S. Senator Wayne Lyman Morse the drubbing of his political life and registered his seventh straight primary victory—the final one on his schedule. In the seven triumphs (New Hampshire, Wisconsin, Indiana, West Virginia, Nebraska, Maryland and Oregon), Jack Kennedy was the favorite of 1,500,000 voters, added some 330 committed delegate votes⁶ to his convention strength. More important, by campaigning the hard, primary way, he had buried a number of bugaboos, had established himself, as he said he would, as the undisputed leading Democratic candidate:

¶ In New Hampshire, where he was unopposed, Kennedy merely underlined his fiefdom over his native New England.

¶ In Wisconsin he defeated Minnesota's Hubert Humphrey on his home ground, established the fact that a forceful, attractive Roman Catholic can count on impressive numbers of his Republican and independent co-religionists.

¶ In West Virginia, the toughest test of all, he knocked Humphrey out of the race, proved that a Catholic can win handily in a heavily Protestant state.

¶ In Maryland last week, Kennedy em-

6 Although he took West Virginia with 61% of the vote, the delegation is not obligated to vote for Kennedy at the convention. He can confidently count only six out of West Virginia's 25 delegate votes.



Associated Press

KENNEDY IN HYANNISPORT⁶
Fringe on the bandwagon.

phasized his ability as a vote getter, rolling up 73% of the votes and avalanching Wayne Morse, 200,252 to 49,225.

Oregon provided the fringe on top of his rolling bandwagon. Pitted for the first time against a field of four, Kennedy registered a knockout. Favorite Son Morse waged a campaign of savage personal attack, which Kennedy ignored. The names of Hubert Humphrey, Stuart Symington and Lyndon Johnson were all listed on the ballot, though the three refused to campaign. Adlai Stevenson was an unwilling ghost candidate.[†] When the returns were in, Kennedy had outpointed all Democratic opponents put together: Kennedy, 135,000; Morse, 85,000; the others, a total of 44,000 votes. Unopposed in the Republican primary, Dick Nixon won 193,000 votes of confidence.

The defeat on home soil was especially galling for Morse, because not a single major Oregon Democrat supported him. All the big party wheels—Representatives Edith Green and Charles Porter, State Senator Monroe Sweetland, even Maurine Neuberger (who won the nomination to succeed her late husband, Richard E. Neuberger, in the Senate)—were in Kennedy's camp. And this, in the Morse code, was nothing less than high treason. In bitter terms ("a stab in the back," "betrayal of party trust"), he denounced his fellow Democrats, vowed to

6 With Daughter Caroline, 3½.

† Stevenson was under heavy pressure last week to endorse Kennedy, and one persistent Washington story had it that much of the pressure came from the Kennedy camp itself. According to one version, Stevenson has been served with a polite ultimatum by a Kennedy lieutenant: Come out for Kennedy before June 1, when an endorsement will do the most good, if you want to be Secretary of State.

seek revenge. The wounds will not heal quickly, and Wayne Morse is likely to find himself without political support when he runs for re-election to the Senate in 1962—an inviting prospect for Republican Governor Mark Hatfield, who is seriously thinking of running against him.

Toward the end of the campaign, Morse seemed to recognize the handwriting on the wall. "I'll hold my nose and vote for him, even campaign for him," he told an audience of longshoremen in Portland, "because even he's better than Nixon, and that's the best I can say for him." Morse was similarly gracious in his telegram of concession: "Mrs. Morse and I extend to you and Mrs. Kennedy congratulations on your victory in Oregon."

But by that time, Jack Kennedy's thoughts were far from Wayne Morse. His bandwagon was rolling pell-mell for Los Angeles, and Kennedy himself was winging toward his family's summer home in Hyannisport, on Cape Cod, for a big family celebration with the multitudinous Clan Kennedy. The occasion: Jack's 43rd birthday, this week. It would be a milestone for a candidate who had beaten down almost every other charge against him except the unavoidable one that to some of the party's elders, he seemed too young to be a winner at the polls, even against a Richard Nixon. 47.

HISTORICAL NOTES

Down Memory Lane with Truman

The trouble began in 1952, says Harry Truman, when he summoned Governor Adlai Stevenson of Illinois to Blair House and offered to support him for the Democratic presidential nomination. Adlai just could not make up his mind. Months later, Truman gave up in disgust and switched to Vice President Alben Barkley. Then Adlai called and asked: "Would you object if I agreed to run?" At that, says Truman, "I blew up. I talked to him in language I think he had never heard before."

Thus, in a *Look* Magazine excerpt from his new book, *Mr. Citizen*, Harry Truman this week explains his longstanding dislike of Adlai Stevenson, and at the same time, takes a neatly timed swipe at Stevenson's chances for the 1960 nomination. He agreed to support Stevenson in 1952, he says, but he was sorry afterward. Stevenson's campaign, Truman claims, drifted so far from the Democratic program of Franklin Roosevelt (and Harry Truman) that it cost the party at least 3,000,000 votes. Before the convention in 1956, Truman goes on, "I tried as gently as I could, to tell this man—so gifted in speech and intellect, and yet apparently so uncertain of himself and remote from people—that he had to learn how to communicate with the man in the street. I felt that I had failed. I realized more than ever . . . that his indecisiveness, unless overcome, would make him ineffectual as a President."

Then Harry Truman undertakes the most breathtaking version of history that even he has ever ventured: He was really

trying to help Stevenson in 1956 by declaring against him! "Long before the Democratic Convention opened," wrote Truman, he began to see signs "that Stevenson was still embarrassed by this farmer from Missouri." For this reason, he decided to make it easy for "Stevenson to disassociate himself from me politically." And for this reason alone, says Truman, he swung his support to New York's Governor Averell Harriman. "Any ties that Stevenson thought he had with me, or thought it expedient to have with me, were now effectively severed. Any political liability he fancied I represented to his cause was now removed."

If, by chance, Adlai Stevenson still feels Harry Truman's support a political liability, he can take consolation in the fact that Truman has already pledged himself this time around to Fellow Missourian Stuart Symington.



JOHN ADDISON & FRIENDS
Cleaning 'em out, all right.

TEXAS

The Uranium Upgrader

Into Texas' unpredictable political picture has swept a new name, a new face, and a new third party—all rolled into the form of a squat, barrel-chested, brass-vio character named John Milton Addison. A man of infinite talents, Addison, 36, is the announced candidate for Governor under the party banner he created for that purpose: the "Clean 'Em Out Right Party." The label was designed to fit the Democratic "ins," but may apply also aptly to Addison himself. A federal grand jury in Fort Worth last week returned a 24-count indictment against Addison and 34 associates for fraud and conspiracy. The gist of the charge, as filed by representatives of the U.S. Securities and Exchange Commission: in the past four years, John Milton Addison (*né* Milton

Patrick Addison) has cleaned up about \$1,250,000 from some 500 suckers in 24 states.

Addison knows how to use the magic of the pot-of-gold word, uranium. His principal asset is a machine called the Benson Upgrader, with which it is theoretically possible to refine low-grade uranium ore several times over until it is fairly bursting with creamy-rich atomic goodness. The only difficulty is that the Benson Upgrader, which is something like a gravel washer, does not work very well.

Gratitude. Born in Brooklyn, Addison was a fast-talking operator and fight promoter before he discovered uranium. Amassing leases that, by his word, cover 300,000 acres in Western states, he began borrowing money from friends in 1956. When he hooked onto the Benson Upgrader, he borrowed some more. His battle cry was: "We just need another \$30,000 to get this thing off the ground."

The thing was terribly heavy, but the friends who lent him money told other friends (who lent), and they told still others (who also lent). Addison never promised anything but a 10% annual interest on the money and "my gratitude," which all his eager, misty-eyed lenders translate as barrels of money. To date, Addison has paid off the 10% interest to some of his investors, has even fully paid off a few nervous investors who demanded their money back. But most of the money was devoted to the business—including two executive airplanes and a big house near Denver. So far, the mines have turned out \$283.93 in uranium ore.

'Yes! Yes!' Curiously enough, Addison's biggest defenders are some of the lenders themselves—dentists, schoolteachers, businessmen, an accountant, and lots of old ladies. When he was on trial for theft and conspiracy last year in San Antonio, his supporters showed up in the courtroom wearing white ribbons that proclaimed: I AM A SATISFIED LENDER TO JOHN MILTON ADDISON (he was acquitted). Twice, in the past five months, his satisfied lenders gave \$200-a-plate dinners for him. They have also turned out regularly for revival-style meetings to cheer him on in his fight against "the interests." Typical performance: "You understand I can take your money and tear it up, burn it, throw it away, or spend it on wild, wild women—don't you?" (Screams of "Yes!") "And you want it that way?" ("Yes! Yes!")

Freed on bond last week, John Milton Addison seemed characteristically unperturbed about the annoying grand jury indictment, although his considerable following raised a properly outraged cry in his behalf ("If they'll just quit harassing him with all these court actions," declared a San Antonio dairyman, "I still believe he can do wonderful things on this earth"). And the publicity, he figured, would help him get certification for his "Clean 'Em Out Right Party" and get his gubernatorial campaign under way.

Of course, it may take just a little money to get the thing really off the ground.

ALASKA

Men Against the Mountain

In the mute, snow-shouldered peaks of Mount McKinley, the continent's highest mountain, four climbers pecked perilously downward from the 20,320-ft. summit in the white cold of an Alaskan night. Bound to one another by lengths of rope and sinews of courage, they edged along toward the 18,200-ft. level on the sharp west buttress—and then one slipped. As the first fell, and then the second, the third and the fourth, one of them swung his ax into the stubborn ice, but it did not hold. The four fell about 400 ft. and then rolled to a stop, huddled in pain.

From below, at 17,000 ft., a member of a second descending party—four men and a woman—turned and saw the fall. Three of them, one a physician, crawled back to help the stricken team, while Mrs. Helga Bading remained with Paul Crews and a two-way portable radio. Soon, monitors at a radio shop in Anchorage, 140 miles away, heard Crews's call for help: all four in the upper party were injured—broken limbs, head injuries, frostbite—and now Mrs. Bading herself, a slight (95 lbs., 4 ft. 11 in.) woman, was sick from lack of oxygen. Before Crews finished radioing his report, one of the greatest rescue operations of Alaskan history was under way. For four grueling days, mountain climbers struggled toward the peak, and daredevil airmen dropped supplies and ferried rescuers, winged among deadly granite walls.

On the Glacier. While Air Force planes dropped stoves, oxygen, tents, rope and food, military helicopters tried to land on the upper slopes, turned back again and again because of gusty winds. From Talkeetna came Don Sheldon, 37, one of Alaska's great bush pilots. Airlifting rescuers, Sheldon shuttled dozens of men to a base camp at 10,200 ft., where they began

their careful climb. When Crews reported that Mrs. Bading's condition was worsening, Sheldon gunned his Piper Super Cub to an uphill landing on a glacier at 14,500 ft., waited as Crews and another member of his party stumbled down to the plane and then whisked the woman to safety. In another small plane, Anchorage Contractor William Stevenson, accompanied by an Army observer, tried to drop radio batteries to the injured climbers, stalled in a turn, flew straight into the side of the mountain. Both were killed.

Now another pilot tried to reach the upper camp. Link Luckett, 32, made a test run in a helicopter with a maximum altitude of 15,000 ft. Returning to the 10,200-ft. camp, he stripped his plane of a door, a 28-lb. battery, a 12-lb. radio and some cushions, so that his lightened plane could accommodate a passenger. He popped an oxygen tube into his mouth and took off. Ten minutes later he landed on the upper slope at 17,200 ft., scooped up a seriously injured John Day, 51, ferried him down to the 10,200-ft. station, where Bush Pilot Sheldon was waiting to take Day to the hospital.

Walled In. Early the next morning, Link Luckett returned to pick up another injured climber, but this time he became confused by darting light and shadow, landed on a steep slope. He took off again, landed on a cornice 200 ft. from the camp, but the snow was too soft. Luckett raised off again, plucked Climber Peter Schoening off the snow, deposited him into Don Sheldon's waiting plane below. In all, Luckett made five landings on the upper slope. "You just don't make trips like that for money," he said later. "It was hairy."

By week's end two high-altitude (30,000 ft.), turbine-powered Air Force choppers arrived from Reno, Nev., but by that time, seasonal turbulence and storm clouds began to form. As the weather closed in, a ten-man rescue party reached the re-



WARD W. WELLS
MOUNTAINEER BADING AT ANCHORAGE
Bound by ropes and courage.

maining six members of the stranded company, and they all began the painful descent to the 10,200-ft. base, where the Air Force had dropped a twelve-day supply of food and equipment. In the storm, the rescued and their striving saviors waited, walled in by the white, the cold and the merciless wind in the forbidding heart of the forbidding mountain.

MISSISSIPPI

The Public Is Everyone

Down in the fine print of almost all appropriation bills Congress customarily stipulates that anything built with public funds shall be "for public use." In 1951 Mississippi unquestioningly accepted that familiar provision along with \$1,133,000 in federal funds to repair the hurricane-torn sea wall along the Gulf Coast beach stretching some 24 miles westward from Biloxi. So far as segregationist Mississippi was concerned, the "public" that could use the beach was white only.

That long-standing Deep South definition was challenged last week by the Justice Department in a suit filed against the city of Biloxi. In a brand-new kind of assault on segregation in the South's "public" parks and beaches, the U.S. argued that Negroes, too, are members of the public, entitled to equal use of the public beach. The suit was a quick legal response to a protest staged by Negroes on Biloxi's beach in April. Club-wielding whites mauled the Negro bathers; in a nightmare of ambush and reprisal, eight Negroes and two whites were wounded by gunfire.

The Government suit, cried Mississippi's Senators Eastland and Stennis in a joint statement, is "a raw, rank and political gesture." Mississippi's legal defense, such as it is, is likely to be based on the contention that Negroes on the beach would jeopardize public safety, thereby thwarting "public use."



NEGROES FLEEING BILOXI WHITES
Protected by a sea wall.

Associated Press

FOREIGN NEWS

THE NATIONS

From the Debris

Returning from the wrecked summit, the West's leaders seemed heavily aware of trouble to come. President Eisenhower warned of new irritations, new incidents that can be more than annoying. In London, Prime Minister Harold Macmillan spoke of shock and disappointment, of threats and dangers, and concluded darkly: "The period ahead may be one of retrogression."

But the final result of Nikita Khrushchev's brutal behavior at the summit conference was to pull the Western alliance together. There were other side effects. Charles de Gaulle earned Ike's heartfelt gratitude by supporting him every step of the way and by presiding with majestic confidence over the disjointed summit sessions; thus De Gaulle achieved the "tripartite directorship" of NATO that has been one of his goals since he took power in 1958. Britain and the Continent felt drawn closer together, too; under the cold draft from the East, the kicking about the Common Market suddenly seemed petty.

Steadfast Shield. Before Khrushchev's lethal buffoonery at the summit, criticism of the U.S. was widespread. Britons grumbled at U.S. "blunders" and at the "sickening sequence of error and miscalculation" surrounding the U-2 incident. In Norway, which did not like being identified as the ultimate destination of the U-2, trade unions and leftist groups argued that their country should give up its membership in NATO. Japan feared bloody demonstrations against U.S. bases.

But after Nikita's ranting performance, Norway's Foreign Minister Halvard Lange abruptly cancelled a scheduled visit to Moscow, and Prime Minister Nobusuke Kishi rammed the revised U.S.-Japan

treaty through the Japanese Diet. Wrote the London *Times*: "Once again the conviction has been forced uppermost that where Communist aggression is concerned, U.S. arms are our shield and U.S. steadfastness our foundation."

Even opposition leaders, who had been arguing that Khrushchev needed greater understanding and sympathy, were shocked by his brutal intemperance. In Britain, Labor Leader Hugh Gaitskell placed himself unequivocally behind Macmillan. In France, every party except the Communists blasted Khrushchev. West Germany's Socialists, whose whole foreign policy has been based on the argument that Germany could be reunified if only Adenauer would withdraw from NATO and forswear rearmament, gulped, choked, then manfully reversed a policy of ten years' standing. Only a policy of Western strength, admitted a party spokesman, had deterred Khrushchev from pressing his demands on Berlin—a position that Adenauer had long maintained.

Distaste v. Panic. Inevitably, some pundits and politicians saw everything according to their own lights. A newspaper in Beirut had a familiar Arab reaction: "We consider that the dispute between the two blocs is a blessing to us. They could reach agreement only at our expense." And India's Jawaharlal Nehru characteristically declined to blame the summit breakdown on anyone ("All that I can do, first of all, is not get too excited"), but Indians in general only hoped that Russia was not now going to match Red China in bellicosity.

In the first shock of the summit collapse, it was all too easy for many Europeans to see President Eisenhower as the London *New Chronicle* pictured him, an "almost pitiable figure," and for the usual cries to be heard that nothing right would come out of America during an election

year—as if their own nations were strangers to politics, elections and crises.

But the fact was that, because of U.S. strength, Khrushchev's actions could be judged in Western Europe with distaste rather than in panic. The quieter hope of U.S. friends abroad was that the U.S. would supply leadership at least equivalent to its undoubted power.

The Wrecker

One moment Nikita Khrushchev was in a rage, with cords standing out in his neck, his face reddened, veins throbbing in his temple, and words rasping out to the accompaniment of table-pounding thumps of his fist. The next, he was all nuzzling friendliness, apple-cheeked and soft-eyed, speaking of eternal peace with a gap-toothed smile and roguish gestures.

Empty Chair. On the summit's first day, he had broken up the meeting before it could even begin, with his demands that President Eisenhower punish the guilty U.S. "aggressors." But he did not turn around and go home. Did he really expect a contrite confession from Eisenhower after insulting him up and down?

Next morning, while Eisenhower, De Gaulle and Macmillan met in the Elysée Palace to make a last attempt to save the summit, Khrushchev climbed into a big, black Zil convertible with Defense Minister Rodion Malinovsky and went bowling off into the country. Spotting a wood chopper beside the road, Nikita had the car stopped, leaped out and seized the ax from the startled peasant. After lopping off a few branches from a fallen tree, Nikita popped back into the car, perspiring. At the tiny village of Pleurs, he lifted a glass of champagne and shouted, "Vive la paix!"

The other three adopted De Gaulle's suggestion to hold a now-or-never 3 o'clock summit meeting, and had to send



Carl Mydans—Lia



AGIP



AGIP

KHRUSHCHEV WITH COMRADES GROMYKO & MALINOVSKY AT PARIS PRESS CONFERENCE
Roguish gestures and nuzzling friendliness; throbbing veins and pounding fists.

a motorcycle cop out the Pleurs road to hand the invitation to the wandering Khrushchev. At 3 the others gathered somberly in the conference room at the Elysée Palace, which 200 years ago had been the dining salon of Madame de Pompadour. By then Khrushchev was back in Paris, but instead of sitting in the empty red plush armchair that was awaiting him, he was relaxing in a bathtub at the Soviet embassy.

Messages shot back and forth between the bathtub and the Elysée. A Soviet aide phoned to ask if the meeting was a preliminary one or a summit meeting. If preliminary, Nikita would come; if a summit, he would not—unless, of course, President Eisenhower was prepared to apologize publicly and abjectly for the U-2 spy plane and to agree to punish the guilty. After an hour of fruitless telephoning, a tight-lipped Charles de Gaulle decided to end the farce. He wrote out the Western reply: "Mr. Khrushchev's absence was registered, and General de Gaulle took note of it. In these conditions, the discussions that had been foreseen could not take place." The summit was dead.

Next morning Nikita made a 40-minute call on President de Gaulle and was roundly booed in the Paris streets. When he finally arrived at the Palais de Chaillot for his long-awaited, twice-postponed press conference, the hall was jammed with 3,500 newsmen who overflowed seats and aisles, were perched on phone booths and window sills.

Bias Against Cats. For 2½ hours, the dictator of all the Russias alternately ranted and wheedled, sought to persuade and intimidate, told rambling anecdotes. As for American "aggressors," he said, they should be treated the way Russian peasants treat cats that steal cream or break into pigeon lofts. When he was young, cried Nikita, "we would catch such a cat by the tail and bang its head against the wall, and that was the only way it could be taught some sense."



DE GAULLE, MACMILLAN & EISENHOWER
Insults from the bathtub.

AGIP

He huffed and puffed about the intrusion of the U-2. If the flights had gone on for four years and he had known about them, why had he not protested on his visit to the U.S.? His answer was insulting but not compelling. He had been on the point of doing so at Camp David because the atmosphere was "so convivial, with President Eisenhower telling me to call him 'my friend' in English and using the same words with regard to myself in Russian. But then I became apprehensive, and I thought there was something fishy about this friend of mine, and I didn't broach the subject. It turned out that I was right because when we caught them redhanded they say they are not thieves, it's just their thieflike policy, that's all."

Mustard Lips. What about Ike's statement that the U.S. had suspended the U-2 flights and would not resume them? Khrushchev was scornful. "Such a statement may have satisfied the servitors of imperialism. The imperialists have grown accustomed to behaving like Russian merchants did of old: they painted their lackeys' lips with mustard, and the lackeys said, 'Thank you,' and bowed low." Then he flew into a rage. "To hear President Eisenhower, it would seem that the question of whether American military planes will or will not overfly the U.S.S.R. depends on him and him alone. Just think—what presumption! He now says they will not overfly. What magnanimity! This is to be decided by us and very definitely. We shall shoot those planes down; we

shall deal shattering blows at the bases whence they come and at those who set up those bases."

Jabbing a finger at the audience, swinging uppercuts in air, Nikita promised to sign a peace treaty with Communist East Germany: "We will write finis to the second World War and thereby deprive the West of the right to maintain occupation forces in West Berlin." But for all his fury, his threats had qualifications—the kind of man who gets carried away, Khrushchev also is capable of the controlled tantrum. "When we do this is our business. When we deem it necessary, we won't hesitate. We'll pull the pen from our pocket, for the drafts are all ready, and sit down and sign and then announce it."

No Squeals. As he went on, some of the throng of newsmen booed him. Khrushchev shouted: "I have already been informed that Chancellor Adenauer sent here some of those bastards we didn't finish off at Stalingrad! We hit them so hard we put them ten feet underground, right off! If you boo us and attack us again, look out! We will hit you so hard there won't be a squeal out of you." Someone cried: "Is this a press conference or a propaganda meeting?" With a triumphant wave of his fist, Khrushchev shouted back: "Propaganda!" Then he toasted the crowd with a glass of mineral water and, winking jovially, called out his favorite French catch phrase: "Vive la paix!"

The next morning Nikita was at Orly Airport, on the same red carpet from which



Associated Press

Eisenhower had departed three hours before, Khrushchev convulsed a covey of Soviet aides as he warned Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko, about to take off for Manhattan to bring the U-2 spy charges before the United Nations, "Be careful of those imperialists," chortled Nikita. "Be careful to cover your back. Don't expose your back to them."

Change of Mood. But when his white Ilyushin 18 turboprop set down in East Berlin, Khrushchev emerged in a new character—sober, sedate, mantled in almost Roman dignity. East Germany's Red Boss Walter Ulbricht greeted him nervously; he had first learned Nikita was coming only when Khrushchev casually remarked to newsmen in Paris that he "might" stop off on his way home. Khrushchev gave one glowering glance at a stiffly goose-stepping German Communist honor guard, then stepped to the microphones, fished in his pockets for a prepared statement, and read it in a flat monotone voice. He reiterated his Paris line that the summit failure was the fault of the U.S., and sneered at nameless U.S. statesmen who "are pulled on the strings of the militarists." But that was the last glimmer of fire. For a man who had just stormed out of Paris spewing a blizzard of invective and cracking jokes right and left, his performance was odd, unexpected, and curiously neutral.

For his big set speech at East Berlin's Seelenbinder Hall, Nikita Khrushchev had a hand-picked, wildly cheering audience of 8,000 Communists. Standing beneath a banner reading **END THE PROVOCATIONS OF EISENHOWER AND ADENAUER**, Nikita cried, "There was perfidy on the part of the American President. I repeat the word perfidy—there is no other word for it." Then he stood by, frowning, while an interpreter read the remainder in Ger-

man. A strange note of resignation ran through it. His new theme: wait, and take it easy. He complained darkly about U.S. militarists, but added, "We will wait for negotiations. If the next President will not negotiate, then we will wait for the one after that." His audience—the bigwigs of East German Communism—had come ready to cheer the announcement of his long-threatened, long-promised treaty with East Germany. Khrushchev told them: wait six or eight months. When this was greeted by grim silence, Khrushchev hastily interposed: "We do not let this subject out of our sight, but let's wait a bit. It will ripen better."

Throughout the applause, Nikita Khrushchev and Defense Minister Rodion Malinovsky were unsmiling and wooden-faced. The next day they climbed again into the white Ilyushin 18 and flew back to Moscow.

RUSSIA

The Fellow Traveler

(See Cover)

Wherever Nikita Khrushchev went last week, he had a shadow. Whether it was Paris, Berlin or Moscow, there at Nikita's elbow was the hulking, impassive Ukrainian, whose short-cropped grey hair and bulldog face were in dour contrast to his gleaming epaulets and the nine rows of gaily colored medal ribbons that adorned his chest. By no accident, the wrecking of the Paris summit coincided with the West's first close-up look at Rodion Malinovsky, Marshal of the Soviet Union and Russia's Minister of Defense.

In time past, Nikita had kept his soldiers out of the diplomatic limelight, had even been prone to twist them in public. Only a fortnight ago, while boasting of the Soviet army's current troop cuts at a dip-

lomatic reception, Nikita glibbed: "One of our generals over there just scratched his head. Another reduction!" But last week, as he ranted through the most clamorous diplomatic debacle of modern times, Nikita thrust Russia's top soldier into the public eye at every opportunity.

Even in his summit-eve private calls on Charles de Gaulle and Harold Macmillan (TIME, May 23), Nikita brought Malinovsky along to buttress the boast that Russia is militarily stronger than the U.S. When Khrushchev impulsively cantered out of Paris to Pleurs, 84 miles southeast, he was visiting the village where Malinovsky had been billeted with Russian troops serving on the western front during World War I. When Malinovsky pointed out the hayloft in which he had slept, Khrushchev swiftly moved in to extract every possible kernel of corn. "Cows below and a future marshal above," he said. "Well, cows make excellent heating appliances."

At his final wild-eyed Paris press conference, Nikita took time out to launch into unsolicited discourse on his Defense Minister, Malinovsky. Khrushchev declared, was "a hero of World War I and II . . . a person who has often been decorated for his outstanding services . . . a true son of a socialist motherland."

Hints & a Symbol. Astonished by this unprecedented buildup for a Soviet military man, some Westerners inevitably began to see signs that Khrushchev was on a leash. After all, the Red army is known to have little enthusiasm for Khrushchev's policy of peaceful coexistence. Four days before his departure for Paris, Communist Party workers assigned to the Red army had assembled in Moscow for a conference at which one of the chief speakers was tousled-haired Marxist Theoretician Mikhail Suslov, who is always billed by Kremlinologists as the leader of the hard



KHRUSHCHEV, MALINOVSKY & FRENCH VILLAGERS IN PLEURS
Cows below and a marshal in the hay.

Europepress—European

line in Russia's ruling Presidium. Marshal Malinovsky had been added to Khrushchev's list of traveling companions only three days before the Paris confrontation. Was he sent along to make sure that Nikita stuck rigidly to the position papers drawn up for him? Suspicions were reinforced by the curious tone of some of Nikita's pronouncements in Paris. During his half-hour diatribe against the U.S. at the summit's one, abortive session, Khrushchev had dropped the unprecedented hint that he was forced to act as he did because of "internal politics." The experts could only speculate, mindful that Khrushchev has been capable before of implying that he had no choice in doing what he decided to do.

And Khrushchev's peaceful coexistence has always had its hard underside; after all, the summit conference was precipitated in the first place by his threats to West Berlin. In Paris last week, Rodion Malinovsky was an overt reminder of the brute force that Russia's Communists command if they chose to turn tough. He was also the visible symbol of one of the forces that press upon Khrushchev.

Iron Man. At 61, Rodion Yakovlevich Malinovsky is deprecated by many Soviet officers as a political marshal and a Khrushchev stooge. Gross (5 ft. 7 in., nearly 300 lbs.), diabolic and slow-moving, he retains the abrupt manner of a noncom. But over a 40-year career in the Red army, he has combined a talent for political survival with an impressive combat record.

Son of a Ukrainian laborer, Malinovsky quit school at twelve to go to work as a shop messenger in Odessa. Too young (15) for enlistment in the Czar's army when World War I broke out, he stowed away with a unit leaving for the German front, was adopted as a mascot. Within a year, he was promoted to corporal, won the St. George's Cross, and was wounded.

When he recovered, Malinovsky was assigned to the Iron Division, a crack Czarist outfit sent to France as a symbol of Allied solidarity. In France, Malinovsky acquired respect for British troops—"Ah, those British! Always smoking their pipes, even during an attack!"—and a sneaking liking for Americans: "The Russians and the Americans got along together, especially when it came to having a drink or smashing glasses in a café." But his fondest memories are of "those French girls." In Paris last week, he confided that the three phrases he could still manage in both English and French were: "Good morning," "Good night," and "I love you."

Model of a Marxist. Malinovsky's nostalgic tone vanishes when he recalls what happened when news of Russia's 1917 revolution reached the Iron Division. "Our camp," he says, "was encircled by Allied troops. The French tried to pacify us with artillery fire." Finally, in 1919, the remnants of the Iron Division were shipped to Vladivostok, then in the hands of the White armies. Some foreign military men still cherish a suspicion that Corporal Malinovsky put in some time with the White forces before joining the



MARSHAL ZHUKOV
The corn outlasted the cannon.

Bolshevik armies in Siberia as a machine-gun instructor.

But once he joined the Reds, Malinovsky rapidly became the very model of a modern Marxist officer. He was sent to the Frunze Academy, Russia's equivalent of the Command and General Staff College, acquired a wife, four children, and more important, a Communist Party card. Somehow the purges that all but shattered the Soviet officer corps in the '30s never touched him. Stepping into the shoes of executed superiors, he was a one-star general commanding a cavalry corps when World War II broke out.

Bear in Karakul. Much of Malinovsky's war was spent in the Ukraine—where he had the good fortune to come under the eye of Nikita Khrushchev, then a member of the military council for the Ukraine. In January 1943, just after Malinovsky's army had completed the southern arc of the encirclement of Stalin, Western correspondents recall meeting him in a tiny, unheated village schoolhouse, short-legged and big-bipped, like a grizzly bear in a brown greatcoat and karakul hat. He traced with a thick forefinger the movement of the fleeing Germans on a field map, naming their divisions and commanders, all with a cool, precise assessment and without the slightest vainglory.

At dinner he drank toasts to Stalin, then Churchill, then Roosevelt, each time quaffing a full tumbler of vodka. One correspondent remembers his eyes: "bright, suspicious, ever moving, advertising the cunning thought, but also humorous and undaunted."

Happy-Go-Lucky. A British military expert who saw Malinovsky in action also found him impressive: "In defensive operations, he never panicked, no matter how hopeless the situation looked. But in offensive operations he was a bit happy-go-lucky. He planned up to the

point of launching the attack. But from then on, he was inclined to improvise."

Before World War II ended, Malinovsky had plenty of practice in improvising offensives. As commander of a Ukrainian army group, he directed the capture of Bucharest, Budapest and Vienna. Then, shifted to command of Russia's Far Eastern armies, he mopped up Japanese forces in Manchuria in the "one week war" that Stalin launched against a Japan already negotiating surrender to the U.S.

For the next ten years Malinovsky stayed in the Far East. But as Khrushchev's star rose, so did Malinovsky's. In 1956, at the same party congress at which Khrushchev denounced the dead Stalin, Malinovsky at last became a full member of the Central Committee of Russia's Communist Party. Before long, he was Deputy in charge of ground forces, under Defense Minister Marshal Georgy Zhukov. Then, in 1957, Khrushchev turned on Zhukov. Resentment still smolders over Nikita's shabby treatment of Zhukov. The army recognized Zhukov as the best soldier Soviet Russia had produced, and as a champion at court who had no patience for the party's effort to establish control over the officer corps. Zhukov once reportedly told his pudgy boss: "We each have our specialties. Mine is the army. Yours is corn."

After Stalin's death, Zhukov helped Khrushchev in destroying Secret Police Chief Lavrenty Beria. And in 1957, when a coalition led by Molotov actually defeated Khrushchev in a Presidium vote, Zhukov used his air force to fly into Moscow enough pro-Khrushchev "backwoodsmen" to reverse the vote in the Central Committee. The cunning Khrushchev was both grateful and apprehensive that a soldier should have such power. Khrushchev fired him. Malinovsky was quick to denounce his old boss as a "fresh-baked Bonaparte." Perhaps, as his enemies charged, Malinovsky had never forgiven Zhukov for stepping in and taking charge of a lagging Malinovsky offensive in Rumania in 1944. More likely, he had his eye on the payoff Khrushchev quickly gave him. Stepping once again into the shoes of a purged superior, Rodion Malinovsky at last became Defense Minister of the U.S.S.R.

Back to the Lathe. When he took command of Russia's armed forces, Malinovsky also took over Nikita Khrushchev's most vulnerable political flank. Though infiltrated at every level by the commissars, the army has a fighting elite that is dubious of Khrushchev's adventures. And as Russia began to feel the manpower pinch resulting from its low wartime birth rate, it became clear that Khrushchev could not make good on his promises of the fuller life so long as the nation had nearly 4,000,000 men in uniform and continued to spend 25% of its national income (v. 12% for the U.S.) on defense.

Khrushchev, ever the pragmatist, reacted by seeking "a bigger bang for a buck" by ordering a switch away from manned airplanes to missiles. He even set up his rocketeers as a separate branch of

the Soviet armed forces. Last January, ostensibly as a "disarmament" measure, he decreed that by 1961 the Red army must cut its strength by 1,200,000 men.

To Russia's career officers, Khrushchev's jest that the Soviet army might be the first to "voluntarily liquidate itself" had the macabre ring of hangman's humor. Under Nikita's demobilization plan, 250,000 officers were slated for return to civilian life. For most of them, demobilization would mean sharply reduced income, loss of pension rights, and, in effect, expulsion from the Soviet aristocracy; nearly two-thirds of the officers discharged in previous troop cuts wound up as ordinary workers.

Qualms & Tactics. Dutiful Rodion Malinovsky publicly spared no effort to reconcile the army to Nikita's policies. "The interests of the state must come first," he cried. But, at heart, Old Infantryman Malinovsky almost surely had qualms, too. Khrushchev's reliance on rockets was in flat violation of strongly held Soviet strategic doctrine that nuclear weapons, far from reducing the need for ground forces, made them more necessary than ever; it is the nation with the strongest conventional army, argue Soviet military theorists, that will roll on to victory over the debris of nuclear devastation. Nikita's policy also made harder the army's task of maintaining Soviet mastery of the satellites. To the generals' way of thinking, talk of coexistence made people like the Hungarians restless, and the army needed all the men it could muster to keep the lid on.

Result was that even with Malinovsky in charge, the army continued to seethe with barely concealed dissatisfaction. Early this month, Khrushchev found it wise to sideline "for ill health" two of Russia's most prestigious soldiers—Warsaw Pact Commander Marshal Ivan Konev and Army Chief of Staff Marshal Vasily Sokolovsky.

The Right Wing. However fretful the army might be, Khrushchev would have had little to fear from it if he had—as he so often boasts of having—a monolithic Communist Party behind him. He certainly has filled the important places with men of his own choosing, but they are capable of thinking that at 66 he will not live forever.

In the atmosphere of Byzantine secrecy that envelops Soviet government, the opposition that Western experts call Stalinist and Muscovites call right wing constitutes a kind of underground rather than an open faction, and its leadership is all but invisible. In theory, dour, ascetic Mikhail Suslov reflects these views, but on the record, he has been as devoted a follower of the leader as the next one. Khrushchev can no longer invoke the capricious plotting, counterplotting and murders of Stalin's Kremlin. The power struggle is played differently these days. Suslov, for instance, has frequently been charged with executing some of Nikita's most controversial policies.

A Matter of Ethics. Most of Khrushchev's right-wing critics are clustered in

the middle echelons of the Soviet bureaucracy. They are careerists who found Stalin's repression of creative thought and initiative a welcome buttress to their own positions of privilege. Many bear deep personal grudges against Khrushchev. By his decentralization of Russia's industrial and economic management and his abolition of many government ministries, he has forced hundreds of them out of comfortable Moscow flats and into barren, provincial lives in such backwoods as Kazakhstan and Uzbekistan. In his bid for popularity with workers and peasants, Khrushchev has often loudly denounced the bureaucrats' shortcomings and indulgences, has nibbled away at their treas-

suffering that can most easily be justified to the Chinese people by keeping them in terror of an "imperialist attack." And where Russia, with its vast industrial complexes, is highly vulnerable to nuclear war, Red China's leaders profess to believe that "after the next war, there will be 20 million Americans, 5,000,000 Englishmen, 50 million Russians, and 300 million Chinese."

The Turn. As the summit approached, Nikita Khrushchev must have found it harder and harder to brush off the complaint that his "soft" policy toward the West was not producing results. In fact, he undoubtedly agreed, being the agile fellow he is.

The turning point in Khrushchev's thinking apparently came in late April, when Under Secretary of State Douglas Dillon, in a speech to an A.F.L.-C.I.O. meeting, echoed Secretary Herter's warning that there was little prospect for significant agreements being reached at the summit, and implied that any progress at all depended on Soviet willingness to abandon its demands on West Berlin. Only a month before, sauntering through the Rambouillet gardens with the visiting Khrushchev, Charles de Gaulle had concluded that Nikita was not going to press too hard at the summit. But five days after Dillon's speech, Khrushchev made a speech at the oil town of Baku, rattling his rockets, reviving his threats on Berlin. "Some people," said he grimly, "apparently hope to reduce this meeting to an ineffectual exchange of opinions and pleasant—it may be—talks, and to evade the working-out of concrete decisions. . . . I should like to tell Mr. Dillon and those who may share his views that such methods are least of all suited for dealing with the Soviet Union."

Down over Sverdlovsk. Khrushchev was plainly deciding to talk tough at the summit. Then came May Day. During the May Day parade in Moscow, Khrushchev and Malinovsky, up in the Red Square reviewing stand, were observed excitedly poring over a military map, and at one point, a messenger was sent dashing off carrying a note scribbled by Khrushchev. The U-2 had been downed over Sverdlovsk.

At first, the Russians treated the U-2 as a useful propaganda weapon to supplement the tough talk with which Khrushchev hoped to extract Western concessions. In his first outcries over the U-2, Nikita was careful not to foreclose negotiations with the U.S. at the summit. As late as May 6, Russia's Chief Air Marshal Konstantin Vershinin was still cheerily urging the U.S. air attaché in Moscow to accompany him on a long-planned courtesy tour of U.S. air bases. In a Czech embassy reception speech lambasting the Pentagon (TIME, May 23), Khrushchev himself made a point of stating that he was "convinced of the ethical qualities" of U.S. Ambassador to Moscow Llewellyn E. Thompson. Above all, Khrushchev significantly suggested that, in all probability, his good friend Ike had not even known about the U-2 flights.



Mikhail Suslov
Grudges on the right.

Publifoto-Fix

ured perquisites of rank, such as the possession of government cars for private use.

In so far as their opposition to Khrushchev is doctrinal, it involves the belief that "relaxation" and cultural exchanges with the West undermine the Communist faith and foster a questioning and irreverent attitude in Soviet youth. What they contemptuously call the "spectacle" of Nikita's hobnobbing with Western leaders seems to them a betrayal of the Marxist ethic. Communism's mission, they argue, is to sweep the world, and it will only do so by keeping the West under steadily increasing pressure.

Hurray for Holocaust. And then there is massive Red China glowering in the wings. According to knowledgeable Russians and Eastern Europeans, Moscow's Stalinists are in good communication with Mao Tse-tung. Peking plainly wants no relaxation of tensions between the West and the Communist world. Khrushchev's economy may now be at the point where it can provide Russians with a few more of the amenities of life, but sprawling, primitive China can only hope to complete its revolution and its all-important industrialization through vast suffering—

The Personal Touch. When Eisenhower declared that he was personally responsible for the overflights and Secretary of State Herter implied that the flights would go on, it must have been a bitter blow for Khrushchev, who had been assuring his comrades that Eisenhower was a man he could handle. But if personally stung, he and the Presidium must have had painful second thoughts about this stance on the part of the U.S. Before the eyes of the world, Russia's vaunted defenses had been shown incapable of halting the U-2s.

In his anger and humiliation, Nikita revealed in Paris something of what he presumably had suffered inside the Presidium. He burst out: "What would you think of your government if it treated with indifference, with unconcern, the overflights of your cities by military planes . . . Would you respect such a government? Would your families and you yourselves feel safe listening to the drone of an alien plane over your heads?" Later, in East Berlin, he made the grievance more personal, exclaiming bitterly: "There was a wry smile on the faces of President Eisenhower, Herter, Nixon and, above all, Allen Dulles, when they anticipated the meeting in Paris where Eisenhower would glance at Khrushchev and think: 'What is the use of trying to convince us here? U.S. planes flew over the territory of the Soviet Union, and you could not do anything and nevertheless came to Paris.'"

The Russians, cool strategists even if given to hot flashes, had decided to torpedo an unprofitable summit. But perhaps the vehemence with which Khrushchev set out to destroy Ike as his pet U.S. peacemaker and as the shiny symbol of the possibility of relaxation of tensions owed something to Khrushchev's pride and anger alone. Signs indicate that the policy reversal took place almost literally overnight. Within 24 hours of Ike's public endorsement of the U-2 flights came the tip-offs: Khrushchev's remarks at the U-2 exhibit in Gorky Park that Eisenhower would probably not be welcome in Russia, and the abrupt, last-minute cancellation of Air Marshal Vershinin's U.S. visit.

The Ripening. The crudity and violence of Khrushchev's Paris performance suggested that he was about to launch an all-out vendetta against the West. Yet his hanging-on in Paris suggested that the worst was not about to happen. And then he flew into East Berlin. He knew that East Germany's Red bosses, despised by their people, wanted a helping hand. Instead, he announced that he planned to postpone for "six or eight months" his threat to "wipe out" Western occupation rights in Berlin by signing a separate World War II peace treaty with the East Germans. "Let's wait a bit," he said. "It will ripen better." Russia, he added reassuringly, "will not do anything that might aggravate the international situation and bring it back to the worst times of the cold war."

Though it is always dangerous to count

on the predictability of Moscow's behavior, it seemed a curiously empty accomplishment Khrushchev was going home with. It was almost as if he promised the world: no real trouble, but more inceptive.

The most Khrushchev seemed to have in mind was a personal diplomatic boycott of Dwight Eisenhower. Like a jilted suitor, he seemed at times almost aggrieved. By openly admitting that his six-to-eight month delay was motivated by the fact that "a new President will be elected in the U.S. in half a year's time," Nikita left no doubt that he hoped to

was Khrushchev about to lead the parade that was heading off in another direction? This was a gambit he had used often before and with conspicuous success. As a politician, one of Khrushchev's prime strengths is his ability to sniff out the sense of a meeting and dexterously leap in to head the new trend before it is fully formed. When Malenkov, in 1955, showed signs of winning popularity with the masses and with Russia's managerial class through his calls for more consumer goods, Khrushchev promptly toppled him, but at the same time elected himself the prime apostle of a better break for Soviet con-



Sovfoto

MALINOVSKY IN RED SQUARE
Up the ladder in dead men's shoes.

make Ike a premature lame duck in foreign affairs. But his treatment of Ike was hardly calculated to make either Republican or Democrat—or De Gaulle and Macmillan for that matter—eager to sit down again with Khrushchev. Robert Murphy, retired Under Secretary of State, last week remarked that in 39 years of diplomacy, he had concluded that summitry "is the least effective form of negotiation which has thus far been devised." Along with Khrushchev's diatribes against Ike, the U.S. could undoubtedly expect continual diplomatic harassment, beginning with the Soviet complaint to the U.N. over the U-2 overflights.

Another Time. Having concluded that he was not going to win anything at the summit, and rather than sit down at the table to play a losing hand, Nikita Khrushchev had decided to kick over the table. But another time, with another hand, he might like to try again. Another time might give him another inspiration.

But would all that look like much of a victory in Kremlin councils? Or, as usual,

sumers. At the 1956 20th Congress of the Communist Party, the first gingerly complaints at Stalin's excesses came from other party leaders, but by quickly capping his colleagues with his famed "secret" speech, Nikita won himself a firm place in history as the repudiator of Stalinism. And when the Hungarian uprising broke and Kremlin opposition to his "liberalization" policies grew dangerously strong, Nikita Khrushchev promptly converted himself into the butcher of Budapest.

Risky Game. But, even for a politician as canny as Nikita Khrushchev, this was a risky game. And when the game gets risky for the leader inside the Kremlin walls, it gets risky for everybody. Among others who would have to watch carefully was Rodion Malinovsky. For, dutiful Khrushchev supporter though he has seemed, the man who shadowed Nikita last week did not survive and prosper through two generations of Soviet Russia's turbulent history without watching the wind.

JAPAN

Kishi's Answer

In a tough answer to Nikita Khrushchev's threats to "atomize" all U.S. forward bases, Japan's Premier Nobusuke Kishi decided to rush through the new U.S.-Japanese treaty of alliance which has long been stalled in the House of Representatives by opposition Socialists.

Parliamentary democracy, Japanese-style, makes even the convening of the Diet an occasion for free-for-alls in which any number may play. When the bell sounded for the showdown session, 200 opposition Deputies massed outside the office of wispy Speaker Ichiro Kiyose, 76, blocking the corridor so solidly that he could not get out to call the session to order. Kiyose called the police. On signal, 500 cops entered, picked up the Socialists and carried them kicking and struggling from Kiyose's door. The Speaker made a run for the chamber only to be met there by more angry Socialist Deputies, who grabbed him round the back and half-throttled him. Diet guards pulled him free and carried him half-fainting to his tall chair.

When Kiyose managed to croak out the words to open the session, all remaining Socialists and 27 members of Kishi's own Liberal-Democratic Party stalked out. Nonetheless, shortly after midnight, the House finally got around to passing the treaty by a standing vote. Then the 259 Liberal-Democrats present (quorum needed: 156) raised three throaty banzais and adjourned.

Next day 30,000 left-wing students and trade unionists paraded through Tokyo's streets shouting "Down with Kishi!" and "U-2, go home!" and the Soviet Union formally protested against the treaty. By his coup Kishi assured that the treaty would become law on the day (June 19) President Eisenhower is scheduled to arrive in Japan. For the constitution provides that if the upper house (where Kishi's majority is even bigger) should for some reason delay its approval, any measure passed by the lower house of the Diet becomes law automatically after 30 days. But the Socialists were so infuriated that they promised to make things unpleasant during Ike's visit.

SAUDI ARABIA

The Slightly Democratic King

The greatest of the few absolute monarchs left on earth has come out—in his own fashion—for democracy. Two years ago, towering, half-blind King Saud of Saudi Arabia, deep in debt in an oil-rich nation, beset by Nasser's efforts to stir up trouble inside the country, was compelled to call upon his more vigorous and cultivated brother, Crown Prince Feisal, to take charge of the country, save its finances, and restore its prestige in the Arab world. Since then, the treasury has been built up, and the throne has not been embroiled in the intrigues of Arab politics. But last January, Feisal, moving his country gradually forward into the 20th century, cau-

tiously allowed a little press freedom—and the king saw a way of regaining the initiative that he had so humblingly lost.

He began encouraging newspaper editors to say things never before publicly uttered in Saudi Arabia. One newspaper called for election of a council with legislative powers, "so the people may feel they are exercising their rights as other people do." Others reported that King Saud himself favored forming parliaments in the provinces—half appointed, half elected—from which a grand national parliament would be chosen to advise the Council of Ministers.

Feisal, believing Saudi Arabia unready for any change so drastic, found himself



KING SAUD
Coffee with the liberals.

unexpectedly maneuvered into the company of reactionaries. While the king sipped coffee in his air-conditioned palace with the liberals, and as father of a nation continued to enjoy the companionship of four women daily (one just before morning prayer, one after lunch, one in early evening, one for the night), Premier Feisal had to placate fanatical religious leaders who exploded in fury at every mention of reform. Even the most progressive of his brother princes think no good can come of introducing democracy right now, and fear that the feudal kingdom of Saudi Arabia might fragment if local parliaments were allowed. Frustrated, entangled in bigotry and the ever-sprouting tendrils of corruption in government, Feisal fell seriously ill (most of his life, he has had to endure chronic pain, reportedly the result of a childhood appendectomy). Last week, looking drawn and dejected, he announced that he would leave for Switzerland for medical treatment. King Saud, 58, looking more regally splendid than ever in his new style of democratic monarch, took off for Jidda and Mecca to welcome the year's first pilgrims at the holy places of Islam.

TURKEY

Children's Hour

Throughout the third straight week of martial law in Istanbul and Ankara, demonstrations burst out almost daily against Premier Adnan Menderes' government. They were not particularly large and nobody got killed, but their persistence argued that the ruling Democrats, triumphant in three elections since 1950, were slipping in popular esteem. Even President Celal Bayar was worried enough to urge Menderes to consider seeking peace with the opposition Republicans. But the Premier was still tough. Cried Menderes, in a speech at Izmir: "These street demonstrations of children will not make me resign." This week, to get the children off the streets, he ordered all colleges and universities in Ankara and Istanbul closed till fall.

Fundamental in Turkey's present test of strength is the attitude of the army, which has been notably restrained in enforcing martial law against the demonstrators. When the Premier returned to Ankara at week's end to welcome India's touring Nehru, police used tear gas to disperse 6,000 anti-Menderes demonstrators shouting: "Freedom!" On hand was an honor guard of military cadets. They began singing Ataturk's favorite old marching song, which demonstrators have been singing since the first riots flared in Istanbul last month. "Long live the Turkish army!" shouted the crowd. "Long live the Turkish nation!" answered the cadets. Next day 500 cadets, soon joined by about 100 captains, majors and lieutenant colonels, marched singing through Ankara. When the Defense Minister called on them to disperse, the cadets shouted: "Why don't you resign?" Next year they will be officers in the army Menderes relies on to keep order in Turkey.

HONG KONG

More Bargains than Beds

Hong Kong, a capitalist balcony dangling on the outer wall of Red China, has become the world's largest and most varied supermarket. In this customs-free and refugee-packed enclave, Chinese merchants flourish, and practically anything—Japanese pearls, French perfumes, mandarin furniture—sells for a fraction of what it costs elsewhere. "If you live here," says a Western resident of the British crown colony of Hong Kong, "you're always broke because there are so many things you can't afford not to buy." The casual traveler can order eight best-quality English worsted suits at \$35 apiece and receive them meticulously tailored, after two hotel-room fittings, less than 24 hours later. In the same time and for even less money his wife, pointing to the pages of a *Harper's Bazaar* or *Vogue* kept on the counter of every Queen's Road tailor, can outfit herself in a copied suit, cocktail ensemble and dinner dress, all in rich Thai silk.

Last week word of Hong Kong's bargains had spread so widely that the city's



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THE HEMISPHERE

CUBA

The Archbishop Speaks

After young Rebel Fidel Castro led a suicidal attack on Dictator Fulgencio Batista's bristling Moncada barracks in 1953, the man who saved his life was Santiago Archbishop Enrique Pérez Serantes, 77. While survivors of the attack were being hunted down and shot on sight, the archbishop, an old friend of the family, rushed to get guarantees from authorities that Castro would not be harmed if he turned himself in. Last week Castro's old friend outspokenly condemned the Castro government's drift toward Communism.

"The boundaries are already drawn," said Pérez Serantes in a pastoral letter read throughout his archdiocese and this week reread in many Havana churches. "It can no longer be said that Communism is at the gates, because in truth it is within, speaking powerfully."

Calling Communism "the great enemy of Christianity," Pérez Serantes warned that "even within our own ranks there are some who persist in denying" the Communist threat. He thereby hinted at the division in the Cuban clergy over Castro. Among the religious orders, many Franciscans are refugees from Franco Spain and are generally still with Castro, while Jesuits tend to urge an anti-Communist crusade by the church.

Bishop Eduardo Boza Masvidal, rector of the Catholic University of Villanueva, has been speaking out against the Red threat for a year. But a Havana priest named Moisés Arrechea recently went on television to say that the "humanism" which Castro espouses is "the work of God himself." Last week, when Castro labor goons followed up the seizure of the

pro-Catholic daily *Diario de la Marina* by grabbing the independent *Prensa Libre*, Cuba's largest newspaper, Father Guillermo Sardiñas rushed to the paper's office to give his congratulations. Said Sardiñas, who is chief chaplain of the rebel army: "It was inconceivable that *Prensa Libre* should oppose the very nation that made it great." Cuba's other six bishops have kept their own council, and Havana's Manuel Cardinal Arteaga is 80, ill and inactive.

If Pérez Serantes so far lacks solid church backing, the fact remains that he is Cuba's most respected prelate. "Not in vain," said he, "have some clear-sighted persons been preparing to fight those who try to impose the heavy yoke of the new slavery."

Improbable Frogman

On a lakeside ranch 20 miles southwest of Havana, the croak of 500,000 bullfrogs filled the air last week, and the reek of tanning frogskins drifted up from a row of concrete tanks. Ohio-born Major William Morgan, 37, kept 120 workers hopping by barking over short-wave radio such orders as: "Slaughter 10,000 more bulls!" Morgan, the highest ranking of the Americans who served with Fidel Castro in Castro's rebellion, is carving out a new career supplying U.S. restaurants with frogs' legs.

Morgan is an adventurer and drifter who joined the U.S. Army when he was 18, served with the occupation forces in Japan, then escaped from a stockade (where he was serving three months for going AWOL) by disarming a guard. Recaptured, he was sentenced to five years in a federal penitentiary.

Seeing an opportunity for himself in Castro's sprawling program of land reform, Morgan talked the Agriculture Ministry into giving him charge of a fish hatchery. He raised carp, sunfish and black bass, read up on frogs, soon was ready to expand. Taking over 430 acres of a confiscated ranch along Lake Ariguanabo, Morgan spent \$40,000 of the ministry's money digging ditches to hold his frogs, another \$30,000 stocking the farm with frogs caught by peasants in the streams and marshes of western Cuba.

From his steadily building stock, Morgan is slaughtering at the rate of 13,000 frogs daily, shipping 1½ tons of legs to a cannery in the nearby town of Guines. "Cuba shipped \$1,000,000 worth of frogs' legs to the U.S. last year," says Morgan. "I'm going to double that." He dehydrates the frog carcasses into "fish meal" for cattle, plans to use the skins to make purses and belts.

At his hip Frogman Morgan wears a gold-plated .45 with a bullet ready in the chamber. Tommy-gun-carrying bodyguards follow him around. He and his Cuban bride live in a six-room apartment on Havana's waterfront Malecón drive. It has 18 bunks, where the frog-farm



Andrew St. George

MAJOR MORGAN & AIDE

Tommy guns among the croakers.

workers, who call him "William," sleep whenever they come to town. His U.S. citizenship was lifted for fighting in a foreign army, and he laments that he is "running out of countries." But he professes optimism about his future in Cuba, even though "Fidel and Raúl know that I'm against the Communists. The Reds tried to hold a meeting on the frog farm, and I threw them out."

VENEZUELA

Spiral City

Real estate is costly in the mountain valley that houses Caracas, but the hill called La Roca Tarpeya, considered too steep for building sites, long stood barren right in the middle of town. Now an ambitious young builder is covering the rock with a cap of concrete and glass to form a spiraling, 25-acre commercial area worth \$30 million. Architect Jorge Romero Gutiérrez, 36, calls his project "the helicoid," or spiral. In the two years that construction has been under way, Romero has spent \$16.5 million, and last week the helicoid was 60% finished.

Traffic will enter the helicoid from Caracas' main north-south street, and spiral up the ramp past shops selling everything from groceries to jewelry. A separate spiral will handle down traffic, and frequent exits will allow changeover between the two lanes. Pedestrians will ride elevators and an escalator.

To complete the helicoid's basic facilities by the end of next year, Romero recently got help from the government: a \$1,950,000 loan and a guarantee on \$4,500,000 that Romero plans to borrow in the U.S. Afterward, Romero will need another \$6,500,000 for the trimmings—a hotel, a swimming pool, Turkish baths, and something called the multicinema, where seven small theaters will show the same film but at staggered times, so that



Associated Press

ARCHBISHOP PÉREZ & RAÚL CASTRO
Enemy within the gates.



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	PER CENT INCREASE			PER CENT INCREASE	
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Dollar-value of construction contracts	271%	75%	Dollar-value of life insurance in force	223%	148%
Manufacturing employment	20%	-1%	Motor vehicle registrations....	121%	83%
New plant and equipment expenditures	145%	102%	Dollar-value of retail sales.....	70%	48%
Dollar-value added by manufacture	104%	99%	Retail trade employment.....	27%	14%
Electric energy produced	250%	169%	Dollar-value of world trade (imports and exports) through Customs districts....	138%	111%
Number of manufacturing establishments	40%	26%	Dollar-value of retail trade payrolls	82%	56%
Dollar-value of manufacturing payrolls	131%	117%	Gross personal income.....	102%	88%
Contract construction employment	58%	34%	Per capita personal income....	66%	56%
Dollar-value of bank deposits..	74%	61%	Cash farm income.....	44%	32%
			Number of industrial and commercial firms	57%	25%

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PEOPLE

Underneath a beaming picture of Britain's **Queen Mother Elizabeth**, the New York Daily News reported: LOVE IS CATCHING: QUEEN'S MOTHER AIMS TO BE BRIDE. The Queen Mother, 59, and a widow for eight years, said the *News*, may wed Sir Arthur Penn, a bachelor of 74. Sir Arthur is now treasurer of the Queen Mother's household as well as Queen Elizabeth II's extra equerry and groom in waiting. Next day, in Northern Rhodesia on a royal tour of Africa, Queen Mother Elizabeth made it abundantly plain that, whatever else he may be, Sir Arthur is definitely not a bridegroom in waiting. Announced her private secretary: Reports that such a marriage is contemplated are "complete and absolute nonsense." He added: "These were Her Majesty's last words. In fact, Her Majesty used a stronger word."

Half a century after she had the audacity to pioneer a 'bove-knee-length, one-piece bathing suit, Australian-born Mermaid **Annette Kellerman**, 73, now a Los Angeles matron, returned to her homeland, cast a knowing eye on the bikini-teeming Gold Coast beaches south of Brisbane, observed: "A bikini is very nice on a very young girl. But, my dear, those spare tires and that view as they walk away from you—!"

Citizens of all political complexions turned out for a down-with-H-bombs rally in Manhattan's Madison Square Garden, but the oddest pair seemed to be **Topeka's** Old Republican **Alfred Mossman Landon** and the widow of the man who overwhelmed him in the 1936 presidential election, Old Democrat **Eleanor Roosevelt**. Landon, 72, and Mrs. Roosevelt, 75, obviously struck responsive



The New York Times
LANDON & ROOSEVELT
A responsive chord.

chords with each other in their mutual endorsement of a "sane nuclear policy." Neither of them, however, joined a ban-the-bomb march after the rally. That was left to more militant demonstrators, such as Old Socialist Norman Thomas and Union Leader Walter Reuther.

At the invitation of Nikita Khrushchev, who apparently wanted an American he could be nice to, Cleveland Industrialist **Cyrus Eaton**, 76, recently awarded a Lenin Peace Prize, flew to Paris with his invalid wife, but got there only as K. was about to depart at Orly Airport. Eaton told K. the story of George Washington, the cherry tree and telling



Dominique Berrety
EATON & WIFE
A friend in need.

no lies. Later, Eaton was asked if he regarded Dwight Eisenhower as a liar in the spy plane ruckus. "No," replied Canadian-born Millionaire Eaton, "but we pulled some serious fibs. We need to return to the principles of George Washington." His helpful history lesson earned Eaton a Khrushchev promise: "When Communism has triumphed in the whole world, I'll say a word in your favor."

On the eve of his 53rd birthday, **Sir Laurence Olivier** got a present of sorts from his wife, Actress **Vivien Leigh**, 46, after almost 20 years of marriage that often found them poles apart. Currently an ocean apart, Olivier, starring in the London hit *Rhinoceros*, and Vivien, starring on Broadway in *Duel of Angels*, have agreed to part for keeps. The stiff-upper-lipped announcement came from Vivien:



Associated Press
OLIVIER & PLOWRIGHT IN "ENTERTAINER"
A private affair.

"Lady Olivier wishes to say that Sir Laurence has asked for a divorce in order to marry Miss Joan Plowright. She will naturally do whatever he wishes." Saucer-eyed British Actress Plowright, 28, was Olivier's co-player on Broadway last year in *The Entertainer*. Sir Laurence's statement: "It is too private an affair to discuss just now. I must think."

Five weeks after an assassin fired two bullets into his head at point-blank range, South Africa's Prime Minister **Hendrik Verwoerd** left the hospital in "excellent" health.

The will of the late Philanthropist **John D. Rockefeller Jr.** was filed in Manhattan and proved to run a lengthy 59 pages, with three codicils appended, with surprisingly little in it for the U.S. Treasury. After giving away almost half a billion dollars in his lifetime, John D. Jr. left an estate of about \$150 million in securities, real estate and works of art. To his widow Martha, his second wife, Rockefeller gave half his residual estate, untaxable as a marital deduction; Martha gets the fortune in trust, can dispose of the principal in her own will as she pleases. The other half of the residual estate goes to the charitable Rockefeller Brothers Fund, Inc.

The unchallenged Pied Piper of Harlem, New York's Democratic Congressman **Adam Clayton Powell**, has often damned assorted Southern whites from his Northern bailiwick, but last week, mounting a Richmond, Va. rostrum, he turned his cannon toward the North and fired: "The Northern 'liberal' is trying to hold on. But the Negro leader makes no distinction any longer between the North and the South. He sees increasing hypocrisy in the former and increasing honesty in the latter."

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MUSIC

"Mistress of Stage & Score"

In her travels about Europe, figures Soprano Leontyne Price, she must have walked several dozen times through Milan's Piazza della Scala, past the ornate brown-brick theater with the triple-arched main entrance. She never went in. "I swore," says she, "that I would not enter even as a tourist until I sang there." Last week she entered, singing: at 33 she was making her La Scala debut in *Aida*, and the demanding audience recognized almost at once that she would be a hit.

Handling her big, liquid soprano voice with faultless accuracy, Singer Price achieved an *Aida* that was at once feline and tender, sweet and aggressive. She won *bravos* after her opening trio with Radames and Amneris (a place in the opera that has not drawn applause at La Scala in years), got many more ovations as she ranged effortlessly from finespun pianissimos to brilliantly ringing fortes. "*Brava, Leontessa!*" cried someone in the audience, while a second voice corrected: "She is more like a panther than a lioness." Said one critic: "Our great Verdi would have found her the ideal *Aida*." When another critic regretted that Soprano Price's color might keep her from other parts, a Scala official promised that there would be no color bar: "The public will have to get used to it. If she sings *Butterfly* and anybody objects, we'll say she's a sunnanted *Butterfly*."

For Leontyne Price, the climb to La Scala's stage seemed remarkably easy. She started her musical career playing the piano at funerals at home in Laurel, Miss., where her father was a sawmill laborer and her mother a midwife who "delivered



SAXMAN ADDERLEY AT THE JAZZ WORKSHOP*
Last year, a farther-out Buddha?

Peter Breining

more babies than necessary so I could have piano lessons." At Central State College in Ohio, Leontyne discovered she had a voice, went on to Juilliard, where Critic-Composer Virgil Thomson heard her and asked her to appear in his opera, *Four Saints in Three Acts*. From there she joined the touring revival of *Porgy and Bess* and married her leading man, Baritone William Warfield.

She made her grand opera debut in the NBC-TV production of *Tosca* ("I was the first black *Tosca* that big audience had seen"), later made her European grand opera debut in *Aida* at the Vienna Staatsoper, guided by Conductor Herbert von Karajan. Since then Leontyne has had an uninterrupted string of European successes, particularly in Italy. After La Scala, Soprano Price has one more giant step ahead of her in the U.S.: next season she will sing yet another Verdian role—Leonora in *Il Trovatore*—in her debut at Manhattan's Metropolitan Opera.

Cannonball

Julian ("Cannonball") Adderley is a jazzman with a nagging, but not unique, problem: the more successful he becomes, the less his original, far-out fans like him. One of his recent albums, *The Cannonball Adderley Quintet in San Francisco* (Riverside), sold 50,000 copies—phenomenal for a jazz record—and climbed to the bestseller charts along with such towering competitors as *Firehouse Sing Along with Mitch*. Last week Cannonball and his men were shouting it up at San Francisco's Jazz Workshop. "The rhythm," complained a beard to a ponytail, "doesn't hang together the way it did last year." But outside, the customers were waiting in line.

In the old days, back in Cleveland's Modern Jazz Room, enthusiastic crowds of perhaps six couples used to gather to hear Cannonball (alto sax), and his brother Nat (cornet) launch into one of their driving versions of Cannonball's own *Sermonette* or *I'll Never Stop Loving You*. The crowd at the Workshop last

week was closer to 200, and instead of sitting reflectively in their chairs, they were standing on them screaming. On the bandstand, Cannonball looked like a large, comfortable Buddha, sleepily contemplating some secret pleasure. But when he raised his hamlike right hand and with popping fingers lined out the beat, the music of his quintet came pouring forth with an urgent, camp-meeting-style exuberance that no other group can come close to matching these days.

Cannonball is a brilliant improviser and he stitches his agile figures with a warmth of tone, a turbulence, and a gusto that is the envy of every other saxman in the business. In their most popular number—*This Here*, by Pianist Bobby Timmons—the quintet pours cold brass over the driving beat in long, looping lines that seem to glide through the roof and into the night.

Cannonball got his name not from his propulsive style but from his gigantic appetite: a friend who saw him wolfing down steak nicknamed him "Cannonball," which in slurring repetition gradually came out "Cannonball." Born in Tallahassee, Fla. 31 years ago, Cannonball played trumpet in high school, switched to sax in college, spent several years as music director at Fort Lauderdale's Negro high school before forming his own group. He was "hung up on technique," Cannonball recalls, and his style was far more frenetic. Then he spent a couple of years with Miles Davis, from whom he learned "control." When he lost Pianist Timmons, he replaced him with his present pianist, Barry Harris, who influenced him to switch from neopop to an accent on ballads. After that, it was only a question of time before Cannonball's following reached to the very fringe of squaremound. "If this is the road Cannonball is going to travel," sniffed a *Down Beat* review of one of his albums not long ago, "he will only succeed in making money."

* With Brother Nat and Pianist Barry Harris.



Joerg Gerdtz

LEONTYNE PRICE IN "*AIDA*"
Next, a sunnanted *Butterfly*?

Bird Cage in the Heart

A pretty young Florida housewife who has suffered increasingly severe heart trouble since childhood reported proudly last week that she is now able to fix one meal a day, and hopes soon to go back to her office job. The secret of her progress is embedded in her heart. It is like a miniature bird cage. At the point where the aorta (the body's main artery) begins, surgeons have removed part of nature's valve, which was diseased, and replaced it with an ingenious steel-and-plastic gadget.

Mary Richardson, 32, wife of a Jacksonville truck driver, had blackouts for years before she went to Boston's famed Peter Bent Brigham Hospital in 1958. Doctors found that she had, in severe form, a two-pronged heart defect: because of hardening and scarring (perhaps from rheumatic fever), the aortic valve does not open wide enough to let out a full supply of blood, and at the same time it does not close tight enough to keep blood from sloshing back into the heart and adding to its work load.

Surgeon Dwight E. Harken, 49, operated on Mrs. Richardson to free the valve leaflets. Radical as it was, this surgery gave only temporary relief. Blood still poured back into the heart. What Dr. Harken wanted was an artificial valve. Plastic valves have been developed by Washington's Dr. Charles Hufnagel, but they cannot be placed as close to the heart as surgeons would like, and they click audibly. Dr. Harken went to work with designers and technicians at Davol Rubber Co. in Providence, and they devised what he calls a "caged ball valve."

To laymen, it resembled a double bird cage. A silicone rubber ball, three-fourths of an inch in diameter, is encased in a

slim, steel-wire cage in which it can move freely up and down. This in turn is enclosed in a second cage. In a ten-hour operation recently, Surgeon Harken removed one leaflet of Mary Richardson's faltering valve. Into the slit in the aorta wall he stitched a piece of Ivalon sponge, to which the bird-cage valve was attached so that it snuggled into the heart-aorta junction. Mrs. Richardson's tissues grew into the sponge, making a firm union. The outer cage kept tissue from growing into the inner cage, where it could have interfered with the valve ball's movement.

After four weeks, Mary Richardson went home to Jacksonville. She still has discomfort from healing of the huge chest wound, but her heart rarely bothers her. "Sometimes I hear the valve at night," she says. "But I'd rather hear it than not."

A Profitable Sideline

Ever since the antibiotic era dawned, the miracle drugs made from molds have had no more ardent champion than a tough-looking, hard-working civil servant named Henry Welch. Starting with a 1943 crash project to develop standards for penicillin and methods of testing its purity and potency, he advanced to become undisputed czar of the industry. So bright did Welch's star shine that his bosses in the Food and Drug Administration boosted him from chief of the Antibiotics Division, at \$14,450 a year, to the supergrade rank of director, at \$17,500.

Last week, as the full story of Henry Welch's career unfolded before Senator Estes Kefauver's antitrust subcommittee, it became clear that the guardian of public interest in antibiotics also had a personal stake in the matter. Over the years Welch had pocketed \$260,766, derived, in one way or another, from the interests he was sworn to regulate.

Germes of Conflict. A graduate of Brown University (Ph.B. '25), with a Ph.D. in bacteriology at Western Reserve University's School of Medicine, Welch joined FDA in 1938. During World War II, as head of FDA's microanalytic division, he built a small pilot plant to grow his own penicillin, soon had the required standards and tests worked out. He was in on the ground floor when other antibiotics came along.

According to records subpoenaed by the subcommittee, Welch hooked up in 1952 with a Manhattan publishing outfit called MD Publications Inc. to put out a series of medical journals puffing new drugs. As editor, he got quite a deal: 7½% of the net advertising income, plus 25% of the income from the cost of adding "extra," late-closing pages, plus 50% of the net income from the sale of reprints.

Most lucrative of the journals was *Antibiotic Medicine and Clinical Therapy*, which was passed out free to as many as 60,000 physicians. With guarantees of a big professional audience, leading drug-makers took acres of ads—spurred on by articles mostly favorable to new anti-



Walter Bennett
PUBLIC SERVANT WELCH
While the arguments stayed polite.

biotics and often written by researchers working for the companies themselves. The drugmakers bought plenty of reprints of the articles to deluge doctors with publicity for their newest products.

Splitting the Kitty. In eight years Welch got \$31,730 from his cut on advertising and odd extras, plus \$173,293 from reprints. Nor was that all. Parke, Davis & Co. invested \$100,000 in a British edition of *Antibiotic Medicine and Clinical Therapy*, and when it failed, there was \$37,945 left in the kitty—which Welch split with the publisher and principal owner of MD Publications, Spanish-born Dr. Félix Marti-Ibañez.

Along the way, Welch and Partner Marti-Ibañez formed Medical Encyclopedia Inc., with themselves and their wives as sole owners. They made a go of it, with a liberal assist from the U.S. Each year for five years, the Antibiotics Division helped sponsor a symposium on antibiotics. The technical reports presented, often by experts from Government laboratories and great universities, were published in an *Antibiotics Annual* for the profit of Medical Encyclopedia Inc. That netted Welch an extra \$36,750.

Deals Without Details. The wonder was that Welch got away with this so long. He carefully told his superiors before making any deals, but never told—and was not asked—about the details. Many doctors disagreed with his puffs for new and more expensive drugs (prime example: Welch crusaded for combinations of two or more antibiotics in one costly capsule), but contented themselves with polite arguments on the professional level, sometimes in the very journals he edited and in which he gave himself plenty of space for rebuttal.

Last year, when Welch's superiors finally started asking questions, he told them that he got about \$3,500 a year in "honorariums" from the journals. Believing



PATIENT RICHARDSON
As the ball bounces.

Tom Ephrem

his story, HEW Secretary Arthur S. Flemming merely ordered him to quit his editorships to avoid any conflict of interest. But at last week's hearing (Welch pleaded that he could not testify because of a heart condition), Flemming learned the fuller story from the subpoenaed records. Said Flemming: "It is clear that Dr. Welch deliberately misled his superiors." Though Welch had put in for retirement June 1 at the age of 57, Flemming angrily ordered him to resign now or face dismissal. He resigned.

Report on Librium

As reported in the *San Antonio Light* last week, the experiences of several patients taking a new peace-of-mind drug were highly disturbing. A woman remembered that she had left a light burning at home, turned around quickly, became dizzy and fell, breaking her thigh. A man got into his car, sent it roaring into reverse without bothering to look back, and plowed into a tree at 15 m.p.h. A mild little woman ruined her accident-free driving record in a downtown wreck and reacted angrily in traffic court.

The source of these stories, alarming to patients and physicians alike, was Dr. Neville Murray, 37, a Scottish-born San Antonio psychiatrist who first aired his findings before the American Psychiatric Association, and then took the unusual step of going to the public with his complaints about the new drug. He was turning to the press, he said, because speed was essential to warn of the danger. The drug he had been using: methaminodiazepoxide, trade-named Librium, recently marketed with much fanfare by New Jersey's Roche Laboratories (*TIME*, March 7) and now giving hot competition to meprobamate (Equanil, Miltown). The maker's claim: Librium acts by allaying rage and anxiety reactions without causing drowsiness or depressing mental activity.

The fact was that Librium, like all powerful drugs from digitalis to cortisone, can indeed be dangerous unless given in carefully controlled doses, with the patient under close watch. Before a psychiatrists' round table a fortnight ago, Dr. Murray conceded that he had been dosing his office patients heavily, sometimes with 75 milligrams a day. Said Round-Table Chairman Anthony Sainz, research chief of New York's Marcy State Hospital: "All of us who heard Dr. Murray thought the side effects were the result of giving too high a dose and lack of control in administering it. The recommended dose to start with is only 30 milligrams a day."

Most psychiatrists expect some undesirable, incidental effects from Librium but not so many or so bizarre as those reported by Dr. Murray. They agree that with the right dosage and for the right type of patient, Librium is a useful drug.

Vive la Résistance

Across France last week, doctors were trying to make a monkey of the government-controlled health-insurance system. A patient might have nothing more serious than a cut finger, but the doctor



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would fill in his form showing "grave lacerations, permanent incapacity probable." A Paris *arrondissement* was thrown into uproar by the report of a case of yaws, which proved to be a physician's whimsical entry for *la grippe*. In many areas, coroners had to invoke police aid to force doctors to make out death certificates—and quite a few were signed "Paul Bacon." Who was Monsieur Bacon? None other than France's Minister of Labor, whose department administers the program.

Reason for the unprofessional shenanigans was an outburst of Gallic wrath against a government decree, effective last week, fixing the fees doctors may charge under the health-insurance scheme. In France, benefits are financed by special taxes on employers and workers, but the government administers the plan. Patients go to a doctor of their own choosing, pay his bill, get him to sign a form that they hand in at a government office to receive 80% reimbursement. But the fees a doctor is allowed to charge, complained France's organized doctors, were set outrageously low: in Paris, \$2.60 for a house call and \$2 for an office visit; outside Paris, \$1.60 and \$1.40.

When the schedule was first announced, doctors in many *départements* went on informal strike. They played hooky from their hospitals and offices or treated only emergency cases. Last week's resistance was described as an "administrative strike" designed to wreck the bureaucratic machinery with implausible diagnoses and impossible claims. So far at least, the patients, who will now have to wait longer for their money while the red tape is unsharped, have made surprisingly little protest against the doctors' sabotage—like all good Frenchmen, they admire anyone who manages to defy the bureaucracy.

Nowhere to Go

A judge of New York City's domestic relations court last week drew up a scathing indictment of what he called "a new shame of the states." Speaking to the National Organization for Mentally Ill Children, Justice Nathaniel Kaplan gave the chilling statistics from a nationwide survey by the organization: with an estimated 500,000 children suffering from mental illness, there are special facilities for only 3,939 children in hospitals or even day centers. Of 52 states and territories, 26 have no public facilities set aside for children. And in 17 states there are no private facilities either.

The usual fate of mentally ill children, said Kaplan, is to be hidden away at home, or dumped into institutions for victims of mental retardation (often confused with mental illness, but actually a different condition), or "committed to questionable custodial care in state hospital mental wards alongside adult psychotics." The result, he declared, is to deprive them of effective treatment until they have "long since left their childhood behind them and, with it, the chance to grow up as contributing members of society."



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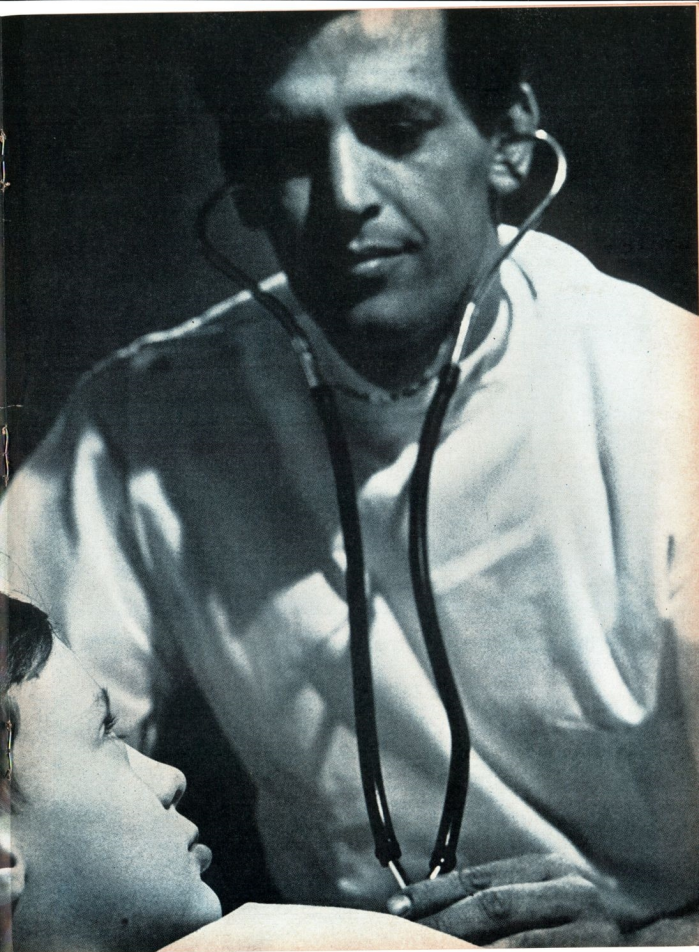
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RELIGION

Dogma & Politics

They did not mention him by name, but the 13,000 "messengers" (delegates) assembled in Miami last week for the 103rd annual meeting of the Southern Baptist Convention did their best to torpedo Senator John F. Kennedy's chances to be President of the U.S.

First the Southern Baptists re-elected president Dr. Ramsey Pollard of Memphis, who had a few blazing observations about Roman Catholicism: "We call upon our Roman Catholic friends to give assurance from the very highest heights of their hierarchy that they believe in complete and absolute religious liberty. Roman Catholicism must come with clean hands and admit her own sin in the field of religious persecution and bigotry before she can dare raise her finger at us."

Later, by a voice vote, the Baptists passed a resolution that took dead aim at the election. "When a public official is inescapably bound by the dogma and demands of his church, he cannot consistently separate himself from these. This is especially true when that church maintains a position in open conflict with our established and constituted American pattern of life as specifically related to religious liberty, separation of church and state, the freedom of conscience in matters related to marriage and the family, the perpetuation of free public schools and the prohibition against use of public monies for sectarian purposes."

At the Vatican, Roman churchmen addressed themselves to the same topic, and in a way that was not likely to appeal to the Baptists. The Vatican newspaper, *L'Osservatore Romano*, ran a front-page editorial called "Firm Points" that obviously had high sanction. Although the editorial was specifically designed to warn Italian Christian Democrats against allying themselves with Marxist groups, its general implications obviously applied also to Kennedy.

"The Church," said *L'Osservatore*, "has full powers of true jurisdiction over all the faithful and hence has the duty and the right to guide, direct and correct them on the plane of ideas and the plane of action. . . . The Church has the duty and the right to intervene even in [the political] field to enlighten and help consciences. . . . A Catholic can never prescind the teachings and directives of the Church. In every sector of his activities he must inspire his private and public conduct by the laws, orientation and instructions of the hierarchy."

In response to the editorial, Kennedy's press secretary, Pierre Salinger, issued a statement: "The American officialholder is committed by an oath to God to support and defend the Constitution of the United States, which includes Article I providing for the separation of church and state." Kennedy's support of this principle "is not subject to change under any condition."

Moses & Ben-Gurion

How did Moses do it? According to *Exodus 12:37*, he led out of Egypt about 600,000 men, plus women and children—a total of more than 2,000,000 Jews. The supply problem involved has long staggered another Jew with some experience in leading his people: Israel's Premier and first Defense Minister, David Ben-Gurion. Last week, while the rest of the world was racked by the summit crisis, Prime Minister Ben-Gurion's views on *Exodus 12:37* threw the Israeli Knesset (Parliament) into an uproar, a



EXODUS, HOLLYWOOD VERSION
Beyond sin, proceed with peril.

Ralph Crane—LIFE

motion of no confidence, and a hassle that continues in the press.

Logistics. Premier Ben-Gurion is no novice Bible scholar; in 1956 he organized a Bible study circle, which included several eminent scholars who met at his house in Jerusalem every other Saturday. Scheduled to speak before the Tel Aviv Journalists' Association on a nonpolitical topic last fortnight, Ben-Gurion happily turned to his longstanding concern about Moses' problem in logistics.

Armed with masses of Biblical quotes, he expounded the theory that Moses had only 600—not 2,000,000 mouths to feed. Recalling a similar argument advanced by Manchester University's retired Professor Harold H. Kowley, Ben-Gurion reasoned as follows: *Genesis 46:26* indicates that only 66 people, apart from Joseph and his two sons, went to Egypt. If Menashe's son went too, the total was 70. They stayed in Egypt only three generations, despite *Exodus 12:40*, which puts their stay at 430 years. Ben-Gurion's reasoning: Levi was known to have had three sons who went to Egypt with Joseph—Gershon, Merari and Kohath

(*Numbers 3:17*); Kohath in turn had four sons—Izhar, Hebron, Uzziel and Amram (*Numbers 3:19*). Amram had two sons—Aaron and Moses (*Exodus 6:20*). Thus there were three generations between arrival in Egypt and the *Exodus*.

During those three generations, Levi had 25 grandchildren; double that figure for wives, attribute the same average for wives and grandchildren to all the original 70 migrants, and the result is a wily 600 men, women and children.

Heresy! Ben-Gurion himself seemed surprised at the furor that broke when his speech was reported in the Israeli press. Heresy, cried the Orthodox. The Mizrahi Party accused him of attacking the basic beliefs of Judaism. The ultra-

Orthodox Agudat Israel Party introduced in the Knesset a motion of no confidence.

Frantic politicking brought the Mizrahis back into the coalition government at the last minute and forestalled the possibility that Ben-Gurion and his Cabinet would have to resign. Foreign Minister Golda Meir persuaded Ben-Gurion not to make matters worse by engaging in a long scriptural argument on the Knesset floor with Agudat's white-bearded Rabbi Isaac Meir Levin. With several groups, including the Communists, abstaining, Biblical Scholar Ben-Gurion handily won his vote of confidence—61 to 6. But it was still a lesson in what every politician is supposed to know: that any utterance bearing on religion more specific than an attack on sin or an endorsement of God is fraught with political peril.

The New Protestantism

On certain thin-aided uplands where theologians graze, it is growing increasingly difficult to tell a Protestant from a Roman Catholic. To a degree that would have been unthinkable 50 years ago, they

Minding our own business

BACKSTAGE AT BUSINESS WEEK

Our man in Moscow. With Russia apparently betting on economic victory, *Business Week's* Moscow Bureau Chief is one of the most important reporters anywhere. No other resident American newsmen can spend as much time covering Russian economic and technical developments. So when Ernie Conine, of our Washington staff, recently relieved



Bob Gibson in Moscow, and Bob became our Assistant Foreign Editor, we became just twice as well equipped to keep business and government readers informed on Soviet economic progress.

Follow that scent. Ever heard of Chaqueneau? It's a perfume—for ladies, of course, but sold only to men. A neat marketing switch. Last December 12, in *Business Week's* "Personal Business" department (devoted to the off-hours problems of executives), we mentioned Chaqueneau as a possible last-minute Christmas gift for wives. It rang a bell—mostly our telephone—as desperate management men all over the country clamored for more information. Among



other gratifying results, by Christmas Eve 52 subscribers had rushed into one of Chaqueneau's New York outlets, Rogers Peet, many of them clutching "Personal Business" in their nervous hands. Don't tell us there's no romance in business. And now, if you'll excuse us, we're off to visit Mlle. Chaqueneau—to tell her where to advertise her perfume when she wants to influence management men:

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read each other's works and build upon each other's researches—though each retains his own faith. In Europe much personal discussion goes on between Roman Catholic and Protestant scholars; Calvinist Theologian Oscar Cullman is welcome at the Vatican, and some of the best studies of Karl Barth have been written by Catholic scholars. In the U.S. there is a growing movement, sparked by Jesuit Father Walter Abbott of the weekly *America*, for the preparation of a common translation of the Bible.

The changes in Protestant thought that lie behind this trend were neatly analyzed last week in the Catholic weekly *Commonweal* by the Rev. Gregory Baum of St. Basil's Seminary in Toronto, Ont.

New Difficulty. In North America, during the 19th century and almost up to the present generation, he wrote, there were basically two kinds of Protestants: liberals and fundamentalists. The liberals viewed the New Testament as an amalgam of history and legend in which their scholars searched for "the historical Jesus" for an answer to the question: What was this great holy man really like, what did he really say and do? The fundamentalists, on the other hand, rejected such "scientific" analysis of the Gospels, clinging to "the letter of Scripture, trusting the Spirit to reveal to them its true meaning."

To the tight-shut fundamentalist mind, there was nothing much Catholicism could say. In arguing with the liberals, says Father Baum, "we used to begin with the Bible regarded simply as an historical record, trying to show that Jesus, the man Jesus, claimed to be of divine origin and that He proved His claims by prophecy and miracles. Then we showed that he founded a Church, a community of believers on the rock of the apostles, endowed with certain notes or visible properties. The church with these properties can still be found today: it is the Catholic Church. . . . It was all so simple, so logical, you could, almost, prove it."

All the same, some Catholic thinkers regarded Protestantism as "a movement on the way out. Theologically and biblically it had no leg to stand on. . . . Occasionally we made fun of it." Father Baum recalls the joke about the lapsed Catholic, asked if he was now a Protestant, who replied that though he had lost his faith, he had not lost his reason.

New Challenge. Today, Father Baum perceives "a renaissance of Protestant thought." Instead of looking upon the Scriptures as historical material, Protestant thinkers now take them essentially as "the proclamation of the faith of the early Church." Instead of focusing on the time when Jesus was alive, Protestantism is beginning to focus on what is really accessible—the time of the early Church, after the Crucifixion. This places the Scriptures in an entirely new light. "What is important, first of all, is not whether Jesus really said this or that, or really did this or that; what counts is that through the biblical witness the early Church proclaimed its faith in the saving power of Christ. For instance: what is



Bob Crone

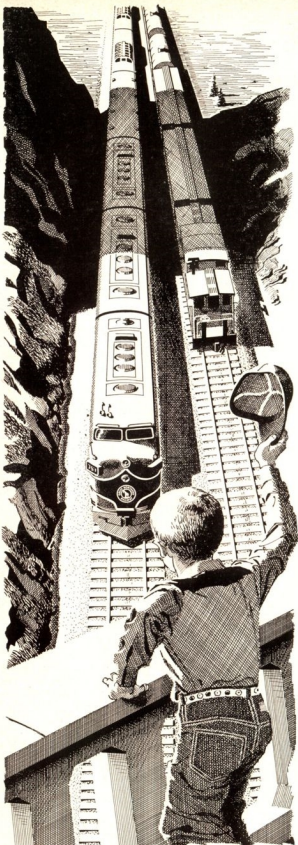
THEOLOGIAN BAUM
A more difficult challenge.

essential is not whether Jesus really healed the blind man, but that in this miracle the early Church believed, and proclaimed, that Jesus now heals the blind eyes of men through faith. The New Testament announces the activity of the glorified Christ in the Church, rather than simply the past deeds of Jesus on earth."

This view means that church and tradition have become far more important in Protestant thought, as they have always been in Catholicism. And with this shift, the old-style Catholic arguments against Protestantism "have become somewhat irrelevant, rather empty and even somewhat rationalistic." The presentation and defense of Catholicism by Catholics is therefore changing. "Many authors today no longer attempt to prove to the greatest extent possible the presuppositions of faith (the existence of God, the possibility of revelation, the historicity of Jesus' words), nor will they use scriptural passages removed from their context as proofs of the Catholic position. They will rather turn immediately to the scriptural testimony considered in the context and the spirit in which it is found."

New Friendliness. The new line "alters the character and flavor of Catholic theological literature. It removes the slightly rationalistic trend of the older approach which created the impression that a man could argue himself into faith, and it imbues the whole of the Catholic teaching with an authentic biblical atmosphere."

Catholic theologians are looking upon Protestant theologians with a new friendliness and respect. "The change reflects much more than an increase of tolerance; it is rather a consequence of the change that has taken place within Protestantism, change which, on the one hand, leads Protestant theology closer to the tradition of the Church and, on the other, offers, by its profundity, a true challenge to Catholic theology."



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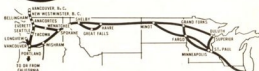
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CINEMA

The New Pictures

Crack in the Mirror (20th Century-Fox) was produced by Darryl Zanuck, a great man for the special angle. As production boss of 20th Century-Fox, he made plenty of splash and cash with controversial pictures about insanity (*The Snake Pit*), anti-Semitism (*Gentleman's Agreement*) and the color line (*Pinky*). Since setting up as an independent producer, he has made or sponsored films about interracial romance (*Island in the Sun*), impotence (*The Sun Also Rises*), homosexuality (*Compulsion*), and a man who was crazy about elephants (*The Roots of Heaven*). In *Crack in the Mirror*, a murder meller made in Paris, Zanuck introduces a daring economy measure: by assigning two roles to each of his principal players (Orson Welles, Juliette Greco, Bradford Dillman), he gets six actors for the price of three. Unhappily, since there is no real reason in the story why three characters should look like three others, the customers spend so much time wondering who's who that they may stop caring what's what.

The characters are arranged in two crudely congruent triangles. In the first, a back-street belle (Greco) shares her bed and board with a dirty old man (Welles) because he supports her illegitimate children. But now and then she likes a little excitement (Dillman) on the side. When the old man gets jealous, the young lovers strangle him, meat-saw the remains into portable pieces, and are caught when they try to dump the evidence at a construction site.

At this point the first triangle intersects the second, which is composed of a greying eminence (Welles) of the trial courts, his svelte young mistress (Greco), and her secret preference (Dillman), who happens to be the old man's legal assistant. The assistant is of course assigned to defend the meat-saw murderers, and after running around in triangles for an hour or so, the script comes at last to the predictable courtroom climax in which an awful lot of poetic justice is noisily done.

Justice, however, is not done in the screen credits, where Producer Zanuck, under the pseudonym, Mark Canfield, generously accepts full responsibility for the screenplay. Actually, it took eight writers besides Zanuck to make this complicated mess.

Masters of the Congo Jungle (International Scientific Foundation; 20th Century-Fox) is an anthropological documentary film that was sponsored by King Leopold III of Belgium and photographed in Ruanda-Urundi and the Congo by a team of German cameramen. It makes a sort of safari through the soul of primitive man. For most of the distance, a spectator is apt to have the disturbing sensation that he is traveling through an endless python.

The early part of the picture includes



GRECO & WELLES
Economy from the triangles.

some striking shots of animal life: a balding aardvark that spoons ants out of an anthill with a sticky pink tongue almost two feet long; an immense gorilla that one moment crashes through canebroke like an express train, and the next sits placidly sucking a palm stalk; a vast herd of zebras plunging, as they plunge in Roy Campbell's vivid sonnet, "Barred with electric tremors through the grass/Like wind along the gold strings of a lyre."

Among them all, as the camera watches, moves man: an animal among animals, swallowed in nature's hungry womb, nourished with nature's wisdom and delight. Like dye stains through a tissue, the patterns of nature seep through African society. The force of the volcano imbues the



WATUTS DANCING GIRLS
Flames from the cranes.

man who smokes a pipe. The passion of the wooing crane inflames the maid who imitates its mating dance. The example of the hornbill, a bird that jealously mudwalls its mate in a tree for as long as three months at a stretch, is incorporated in the marriage laws of the jungle tribes.

Out of the depths of nature also rise religious images and rituals of uncanny beauty and effectiveness. At one point the camera sits in a ring of savages inside a narrow, smoky lodge of woven vines, and watches a witch doctor fling a bag of oracular bones on the earthen floor and read their patterns as Confucius read the sacred stalks of yarrow. At another it investigates the religion of the pangolin, "the animal no one may hurt," an anteater that looks like a waddling artichoke and possesses some of the metaphysical properties of the rose: an image, for the Christian mystics, of the God within.

The Rat Race (Perlberg-Seaton; Paramount) is something for the rubbernecks who think New York is a great place to visit but would hate to live there—and never get tired of saying so. In this picture Scenarist Garson (*Born Yesterday*) Kanin, who also wrote the 1950 Broadway comedy that his script is borrowed from, feeds the out-of-town customers a mess of their own sour grapes, along with a generous helping of sex, sentiment, sadism and smartchat.

Kanin's hero (Tony Curtis) is a young sax maniac from Milwaukee who has come to Manhattan to blow the town down—he stands for Innocence. The heroine (Debbie Reynolds) is a hooper who expected to wrap show business around her pretty little figure, but after two years of tryouts is still suckering sailors in a dime-a-dance hall—she stands for Experience. And the villain of the piece is the great big city, a sort of cold-water Sodom populated by pimps, prostitutes, land pirates, tourist trappers, gay young switchblades, sotheaded bartenders and hard-nosed landlords.

Experience warns Innocence what to expect from the villain, but Innocence of course gets left with the hole in every doughnut and blithely keeps on buying Brooklyn Bridge until all his cash and even his saxophone are gone. The taxi dancer, who by this time is in love with the twerp, wants to put him back in the music business, but how can the poor girl make \$200 to buy her jazzbo a new set of tubes? In New York, says Scriptwriter Kanin grimly, there is only one way a poor girl can make that kind of money. Will she do it? Will she let the villain sully her virtue and file her soul? Hardly. Scriptwriter Kanin may find it good show business to exploit the dark alleys that lead off the Great White Way, but as a commercial moviemaker he also has a vested interest in the romantic (and highly lucrative) myth of Manhattan as the Great Good Place where everybody can get away from everything, where girls are willing, men are available, anything goes, and everybody winds up safely married and lives happily ever after.



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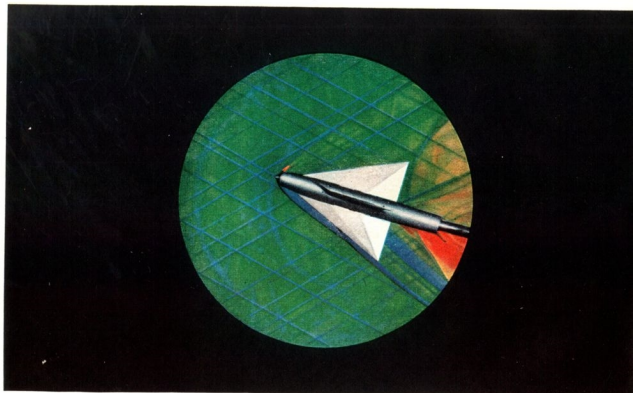


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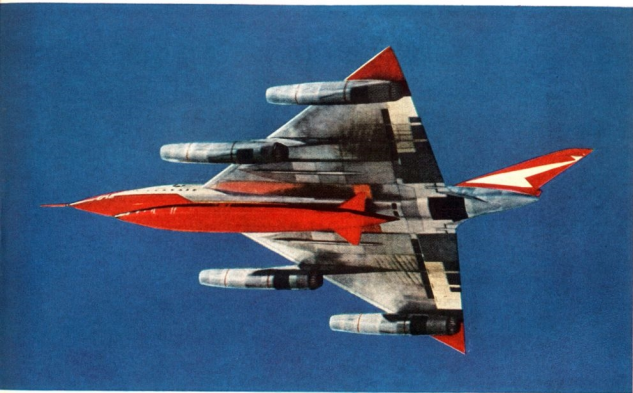


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Le bombardier "Hustler" B-58 de l'Armée de l'air des Etats-Unis vole à plus de 1.125 km à l'heure au-dessous de 150 m et à plus de *deux* fois la vitesse du son au-dessus de 15.000 m. Il est deux fois plus rapide que les autres bombardiers stratégiques en service aux Etats-Unis. Le B-58, bombardier à réaction pouvant être ravitaillé en vol, est un engin intercontinental aux usages multiples à haute et basse altitude, y compris les contre-mesures électroniques et le bombardement nucléaire. Les connaissances et les moyens qui ont permis à la Division Convair de concevoir et de construire le bombardier B-58 volant à *Mach 2* peuvent servir à mettre au point des long-courriers atteignant 5.600 km à l'heure.

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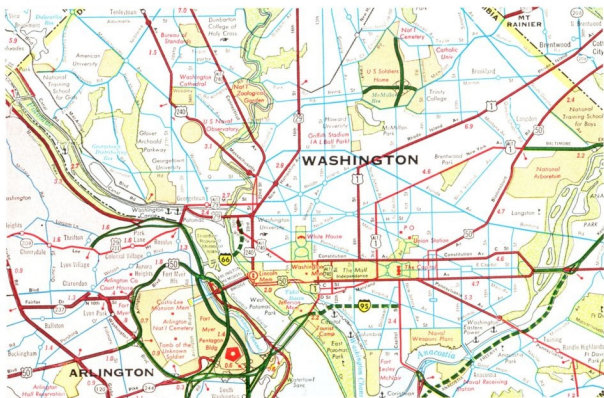
George Washington

NO LAND SO HONORS ANY OTHER MAN

The first of the places to be named for him (Washington) was on Manhattan Island, where men still say Fort Washington and Washington Heights; this was in the spring of '76. The next was a district of North Carolina. Then, so quickly that one can hardly say which came before the other, there were counties in Maryland and Virginia and towns in New Hampshire and North Carolina. After that there was no ending, for the name of the man had come to stand for the hopes of the people.

On the two hundredth anniversary of his birth, the roll of these places was taken, and they were more than could surely be counted—a state, thirty-two counties, 121 cities and towns and villages, 257 townships, ten lakes, eight streams, seven mountains. Of streets there were counted 1,140, and others uncounted, and besides these there were schools and colleges, buildings, districts, monuments, ferries, bridges, forts, parks, and other features—a tribute of names such as has been paid to no other man in any country.

From "Names on the Land" by George R. Stewart, Published by Houghton Mifflin Co., ©1958.



Above is a portion of one page of Rand McNally's new Road Atlas, showing the most famous of the places named for our first president. What a wonderful nation he helped found... where people have the cars, the roads, and the leisure to travel to any "Washington."



EDUCATION

Togetherness in Cambridge

In a Boston hotel lobby not long ago, a Harvard professor stopped to chat with two impressively good-looking girls. As he walked on, a friend asked who they were. "Why, young ladies from Radcliffe," said the prof. With a look of astonishment, the man replied: "My God, how things have changed since I got my wife there!"

The professor's friend might have been even more surprised at some other changes in recent years in prestigious Radcliffe College (1,773 girls), the women's adjunct down the street from Harvard. Starting



George Woodruff
RADCLIFFE'S PRESIDENT BUNTING
On to the millennium.

in World War II, when "Cliffies" first began invading Harvard lecture rooms, togetherness has been creeping ahead until today the two schools are more coeducational than not. The girls take their exams with Harvard students, and some share the same tutorial sessions. Radcliffe's president is invited to Harvard's monthly meeting of deans, and for the first time Harvard is represented on Radcliffe's board of trustees.

Two for One. This year three Radcliffe girls were accepted by Harvard business school. The daily *Crimson* still retains its Harvard identity, but a Radcliffe girl is one of its top officers. Despite the fabled incompatibility of 'Cliffies and Harvardmen, Radcliffe's class of '49 reports that 42% of its husbands are Harvardmen. Signed a recent Harvard *Alumni Bulletin*: "One can only hope that when the millennium comes and the two noble institutions become one, they will let us call it Harvard, rather than Radcliffe, University."

As its next step toward the millennium, Radcliffe last week formally inaugurated a lady president (Radcliffe's third), to

take over from Wilbur K. Jordan, who returns to teaching history at Harvard after ten years. She is Vassar-educated Mary Ingraham Bunting, 48, a microbiologist and mother of four teen-agers, who describes herself as "a geneticist with nest-building experience." The widow of Yale Pathologist Henry Bunting, she had a distinguished teaching career at Bennington, Goucher, Wellesley and Yale. In 1955 she became dean of Rutgers University's Douglass College for women, carried on radiation research for the Atomic Energy Commission. Her specialty: a bright red bacterium called *serratia marcescens* ("I'm quite sure the Miracle of the Bleeding Host, which took place in medieval churches, was *serratia*"). She plans to set up her own lab at Radcliffe, teach a freshman seminar.

Technologically Unemployed. President Bunting says she would like to see more women train for careers, at least for a few years after college, thinks that "the nation's biggest waste of talent is women." Something else that alarms Bunting is the growing number of girls who get married in their teens and drop out of college. She warns such girls that they will be "technologically unemployed" by '31. In fact, she believes, a modern woman "cannot be a good mother" without a sideline career to help stimulate her children. President Bunting's advice: "Don't learn the how-to-do things. Learn the principles of how to find things out in a fast-changing world."

To combat early marriage, President Bunting recently suggested: "Girls go steady at 14. Why shouldn't they go to college at 14?" To keep married women in college, she hopes to inaugurate a program of part-time studies at Radcliffe. Mary Bunting tried the part-time-study idea before at Rutgers, and reports that it was a great success: not only did married women get the education they needed, but their presence made other students take their own studies more seriously.

Putting Ideas to Work

Fresh ideas abound for U.S. schools, but spreading them is something else again. According to a Columbia University study, it takes something like 15 years for a new teaching concept to reach 3% of the nation's schools, 50 years for it to reach all of them. Last week a small group of researchers calling itself the Educational Research Council of Greater Cleveland was doing its best to hurry the process for suburban schools around the city.

Launched a year ago by George H. Baird, former research head of the Shaker Heights schools, the council is a nonprofit corporation of experts, who recommend improvements and charge the schools a modest fee to put ideas to work. "The nation has 603 organizations doing educational research," says Director Baird. "We are the only one set up specifically to make research available in the classroom."

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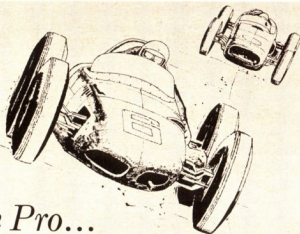
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Scope Photographers

TV TEACHER GUNDLACH How the Garroway fans did howl.

Triangles & TV. The council's first job is to revamp math teaching for 100,000 youngsters from first through eighth grade. The basic idea is to make math fascinating instead of a drudgery. First-graders use Tinkertoy-type men with wooden "fingers" to play variations on a theme of ten. Mental arithmetic encourages fast short-cutting. Algebra's inscrutable x's and y's become inviting squares and triangles that cry to be filled in.

To get the system across to teachers, the council persuaded commercial station KYW-TV to take Dave Garroway off the air for half an hour one morning a week and let Math Professor Bernard Gundlach lecture to 2,000 teachers. KYW's Garroway fans howled (phoned one irate viewer: "What's that clown doing on the air?"), but the teachers think it is great. An hour before the kids arrive, teachers gather around school TV sets as Gundlach demonstrates the new approach to math. By lunchtime, many have put the ideas into practice.

Taxes and Promotions. Baird started the council with \$100,000 from Cleveland businessmen, hoped seven school systems would join. By last week he had signed up 21 (including private and parochial schools), who pay \$6,000 apiece for expert help. The council plans to get to work soon on science and English curriculums. The 23-man staff will also tackle any other problem that concerns the schools. The experts analyze bond issues and tax rates, even plan new schools. Suburban Berea originally planned to build a new high school in 1965, but the council's researchers proved that Berea, with its growing population, would need the school two years ahead of schedule. This month Berea voted \$2,900,000 to start construction next spring. Says Council Director Baird: at a time when many educators call for a massive infusion of Government research money in schools, "this organization shows that local initiative can produce the kind of education the nation needs."



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SHOW BUSINESS

MOVIES ABROAD

The Winners at Cannes

Cannes, the fun-and-gamiest of film festivals, ended last week with Italy's *La Dolce Vita* as the unanimous choice for the Golden Palm first prize. Starring Anita Ekberg and dealing aimlessly with the sensual corruption of modern titled Italians—from the Via Veneto's sophisticated sodomists to the industrialist's young daughter whose idea of let's-go-slumming is to make love in the chambers of a prostitute—Director Federico Fellini's film has

according to that prescription, he virtually thrusts his daughter's fiancé into the arms of his own young wife (Machiko Kyo, whose musky, lotus-eyed sensuality was muffled in *Rashomon*). The young man is hardly more attentive to her than the camera, which pans up slowly on her nude body from feet to calves to knees to thighs to a lap dissolve. Topping that, the film contains what is probably the most uproarious juxtaposition of images in the history of cinema. As the rapt Cannes audience watched the young fiancés clinch, the bedroom suddenly faded, giving way



Ekberg & Leading Man in "La Dolce Vita"
Less among the spectators, more on the screen.

already provoked a church furor in Italy. In Cannes last week, it also set the tone of the whole festival. In reversal of tradition, there was little obvious sex among the spectators and publicity-minded starlets this year, but there was so much on the screen that, before the competition was very far along, Cannes' filmpalace had been labeled *The Erotic*.

The two-week Mille Miglia of celluloid was about equally divided between films that used sex for art and films that used sex for sensation. Items:

¶ Italy's *The Adventure* embarrassed some spectators after sensuous Monica Vitti had rolled in unknown hay with her leading man. It left them spellbound when the fellow enjoyed a tart on a hotel divan while Mistress Monica twirled with loneliness in her bed upstairs. Roberto Rossellini and the professional cinema crowd hailed the film as "masterful" and "ten years ahead of its time."

¶ Japan's *Kagi*, in many ways the high event of the festival, concerned an aging lecher whose strategy is to restore his virility by making himself jealous. Ac-

cording to that prescription, he virtually thrusts his daughter's fiancé into the arms of his own young wife (Machiko Kyo, whose musky, lotus-eyed sensuality was muffled in *Rashomon*). The young man is hardly more attentive to her than the camera, which pans up slowly on her nude body from feet to calves to knees to thighs to a lap dissolve. Topping that, the film contains what is probably the most uproarious juxtaposition of images in the history of cinema. As the rapt Cannes audience watched the young fiancés clinch, the bedroom suddenly faded, giving way

to a railroad switchyard. In closeup two train cars coupled, while locomotive pistons made background noises. The audience howled. The Japanese producers, caught with an arty touch that misfired, indignantly wondered what had happened. ¶ Belgium's *If the Wind Frightens You* shocked some of the most jaded judges in Cannes. Under Emile Degelin's direction, its principals never so much as touch each other, but in the end no doubt remains that the affair, bright in the North Sea dunes, will be consummated that summer—between a pretty, blonde, 18-year-old girl and her 21-year-old brother. Sniffed a bored Van Johnson: "Amateur night."

¶ Mexico's *The Young One*, made by Director Luis Buñuel, somewhat unoriginally followed the progress of a game warden (Zachary Scott) as he successfully arouses the sexual appetite of a 13-year-old girl.

¶ Sweden's *The Virgin Spring*, which already caused something of a scandal in Stockholm, proved to be so honestly made that the audience gasped in terror but made no more attempt than Ingmar Bergman's camera to look away as three goat-

herds rape a rich farmer's 15-year-old daughter. Bergman's film won the approval of nearly every critic in Cannes.

¶ Greece's *Never on Sunday* (directed by American Expatriate Jules Dassin) presented a happy, fun-loving prostitute, who always keeps her Sundays free for her own lovers and for her regular visits to productions of Aeschylus, Sophocles and Euripides. A prudish but captivated tourist (Dassin) tries to be her American Pygmalion. But the only thing she has in common with the statue Galatea may be nudity. Steadily funny and awash with pagan sex, the comedy won an award for Actress Melina Mercouri, was at its best when all the tarts of Piraeus go on strike against their landlords, drop their mattresses out of bedroom windows onto the heads of American sailors.

What Makes Run Run Run?

All over Southeast Asia, an emblem with the gold initials SB on a dark-blue shield is as familiar as the U.S. dollar sign. It stands for the Shaw Brothers, sole owners of the largest show-business empire in Asia. Their chain of 120 moviehouses and ten amusement parks in a half-dozen countries draws tattooed headhunter warriors in Hong Kong, svelte Chinese beauties in Cambodia, wisp-bearded mandarins in Viet Nam, combative Sikhs in Singapore. No one knows better than the SBs how to turn a profit from this varied audience. At a recent Singapore cocktail party, a rival movie magnate was asked who the two gentlemen in sharkskin were. Replied the rival: "Those aren't gentlemen in sharkskin they are sharks in Shawskin."

Business & Pleasure. The China-born Shaw Brothers have only one thing in common: a desire to make movies and money. Run Me Shaw, short and stubby, handles finances, avoids the limelight. Run Run Shaw, tall and thin, is a mixture of Barnum & Bailey and Todd-AO. He willfully holds conferences at 2 a.m., buys and sells talent like cattle. He is the master of the Asian hard sell. When *The Brothers Karamazov*, starring bald Yul Brynner, played the Shaw circuit, Run Run organized a head-shaving contest with a prize for the shiniest pate, started a teen-age craze for bald heads.

Run Me collects rare horses, names them after movie paraphernalia (CinemaScope, Projector I, VistaVision II). At his Singapore mansion, he keeps rare orchids and tropical fish, plus four man-killing Alsatian hounds to discourage thieves. Lacking some of his brother's more exotic tastes, Run Run likes to mix business with pleasure, recently put up a twelve-story building in downtown Kowloon, with a nightclub on the first floor, offices on the third, living quarters for starlets on the eighth, and a luxury apartment for himself on the ninth.

Foreign Devils' Lens. The sun rose on the Shaw Brothers in Shanghai in 1923, when Run Run and Run Me, down to their last penny, held a somber parody with their two other brothers, Run Ji and Run Di. At issue: whether or not to sell

their last remaining family possession, a dilapidated theater. They decided to sell their house instead and live in the theater, managed to put together a cumbersome stage melodrama called *Man from Shensi*, which inexplicably became a hit. One reason: the first night, the hero leaped into the air, fell through rotten floor boards. The audience laughed so hard that the brothers made the crash part of the play.

When American silent movies arrived in Shanghai, the brothers bought a movie camera—the “foreign devils’ magic lens”—and helped build up China’s huge movie market. Before long, civil war and revolution wrecked the box office. Whenever they opened a moviehouse in some warlord’s domain, recalls Run Run, “the warlord’s private army would invade the theater without paying, watch the film and rape the women customers.”

Stymied in China, the brothers moved into Southeast Asia in 1925; their eyes on some 4,000,000 overseas Chinese. Run Me went by steamer to Singapore, carrying three of SB’s latest productions in a fiber suitcase. When he found that no theaters existed to buy his films, he scraped up enough capital to build his own.

Heroism for the Hero. World War II produced the next crisis. The brothers converted their capital into gold and jewels, buried them beneath the air-raid shelter in their Singapore garden, subsequently fled (in their pajamas) just ahead of a Japanese raiding party. After war’s end, they found their treasure intact—or so they say. Only the pearls, complains Run Run, had turned a little brown.

Today—minus Brother Run Ji, who was trapped by the Communists in Shanghai in 1949 along with \$5,000,000 in SB assets, and Brother Di, who retired—the firm grinds out 60 Chinese and ten Malay films a year. Their Singapore and Hong Kong studios lack soundproofing or air conditioning, are located near airfields,

where land values are low. Scenery is used over and over again, and so are the stories, most of them straight reproductions of Cantonese operas—historical dramas filmed in lush color but hopelessly complicated and slow-paced. (In a typical saga, princesses may suffer kidnapping and slavery, unwittingly kill off their family, undergo famine and disease in hour after hour of misery.) An actor usually stands on a chalk line in front of the camera and for two or three hours moves little more than his lips. Although stars get only \$3,000 to \$6,000 per picture, their temperaments make Hollywood stars seem undemanding; one famed performer refuses to go on unless he is regularly supplied with heroin by the studio.

If quality is missing from many SB productions, extravagance often is not. SB is sinking \$1,000,000 into a color spectacular called *Beauty of Beauties*, plans eleven more before the year is out. Although a large part of the Southeast Asian market is now threatened by mounting nationalist pressure against the overseas Chinese, the SBs mean to make up for it by invading the Western market. Also, the brothers have just finished building a \$2,000,000 marble theater in Singapore, are building a \$5,000,000 studio in Hong Kong. But they refuse to say by how much they have multiplied that buried treasure in the garden. With three separate bookkeeping departments to keep earnings well concealed, Run Run says only: “It’s enough for our children, our grandchildren, our great-grandchildren.”

THE JUKEBOX

Most Happy Fellow

It has a wiggly-hipped, exotic beat that sounds part Latino, part Arab. When the song is played at Geneva’s tonier-than-thou Chez Maxim’s, aging bankers and their young girl friends go into curious convulsions on the dance floor; at least one U.N. functionary has been known to snatch up a tablecloth, wrap it around his waist and do a belly dance. In Paris the tune tumbles endlessly from Left Bank students’ rooms; chefs abandon soufflés to hear it. From Stockholm to Sorrento, Bandleader Bob Azzam’s *Mustapha* has spread like a rampaging fungus, is the biggest European juke and nightclub tune since *Volare*.

Tomato Sauce. Like 37-year-old Azzam himself—who was born in Cairo, lives in Geneva, drives a Chevrolet station wagon and speaks five languages—the song is a hybrid, Eurafrican polyglot. Written in French, Italian and Arabic, its lyrics may have been found in a Babel café:

*Chérie, je t'aime, chérie, je t'adore,
Como la salsa del pommodoro.
Ya Mustapha, ya Mustapha
Ya baheback, ya Mustapha.
Sabaa senine fel Attarine,
Delwati guina Chez Maxim's . . .*

All this is, more or less, the story of a fellow who once lived in the Cairo slum of Attarine, is now at Chez Maxim’s (where Bandleader Azzam himself hit the



BANDLEADER AZZAM
Lyrics in Babel.

big time), and adores his girl “like tomato sauce” (*salsa del pommodoro* in Azzam’s pidgin Italian). But the words do not matter. They merely complement the international melody, which tinkles like goat bells near the White Nile and clicks like the heels of an Andalusian gypsy. Scored by Azzam for bongos, flute, tambourine, echo chamber and his own voice, *Mustapha* is adapted from an Egyptian student song, but owes much of its popularity to electricity. When he plays the song at nightclub engagements or recording sessions, onetime Electrician Azzam surrounds himself on the bandstand with an impressive bank of hi-fi equipment, places a microphone before each member of his five-man combo, whirled feverishly to doctor their output as it blends in the echo chamber, before a final electric impulse sends it shivering through the audience.

Fox-Oriental. Bob Azzam learned his electronics in the British Royal Navy, set up his own business after World War II, may have been discouraged by the outcome of his biggest contract, the complete wiring job for a pair of 200-room palaces belonging to Saudi Arabia’s Premier Feisal. Azzam worked for a year, putting in everything from air conditioning to electric-eye doors, but had trouble collecting bills and ended up without a profit. Turning to music, he organized a combo and began picking up engagements around the Levant, hit it biggest in Lebanon with his “slow rocks,” “fox rocks” and boleros.

The band caught the last ship when the Lebanese civil war broke in 1958. In less than two years, Azzam & Co. had driven the Continent wild on *Mustapha*’s “fox-oriental” mixture. From then on, everything was pure tomato sauce.



HOWARD SUCHUREK—Life
RUN RUN & RUN ME
Sharks in Showskin.

Was There a Man in Space?

Russian space scientists last week scored a new first of sorts. They admitted that something went wrong with one of their spacecraft.

When the Russians launched their latest satellite, they described it in some detail: it was a practice spaceship, weighing five tons (a new orbiting record), and containing a cabin with the necessary fittings to keep a man alive. There was no man on board, the Russians said, only a dummy the weight of a man. As the satellite cruised around the earth, instruments would report whether conditions inside it were right for a living man. Then the cabin would be detached and brought down to burn up in the atmosphere. The Russians said they would make no attempt to land or recover the cabin.

"Alive." Since it took to space on perfect propaganda schedule before the Paris summit conference, the Russian satellite provoked nervous curiosity in Washington that it might be more than it seemed. Washington State's well-informed Democratic Senator Henry M. ("Scoop") Jackson, a member of the Senate Armed Services Committee, made headlines by announcing: "There is growing reason to suspect that a man may be sitting in the Soviet 'spaceship', circling the globe at this very minute, and that the Soviets may very shortly attempt to return this man—alive—to earth." Major General John B. Medaris, the U.S. Army's former missile chief, suspected the same thing. The Russians are "not so stupid," he guessed, as to put up a man-carrying satellite with no man in it. Neither Jackson nor Medaris gave evidence to back their hunches, but students at Nassau College in Springdale, Me., listened to the satellite's radio and claimed to hear a jumbled voice "like Donald Duck with a sore throat." A dissenting opinion came from Brigadier General Don Flickinger, Air Force chief of bioastronautics. Flickinger thought that the 10,000-lb. spaceship might be capable of carrying a two-man crew, but he did not believe it was actually carrying a living man. The Russians, he said, have become quite sensitive about being called callous and they would not send a man into space without a good chance of getting him back.

U.S. tracking stations and amateur moon-watch teams followed the spaceship, which was clearly visible at dawn and dusk. Its three radio transmitters made it easy to track electronically. Four days after the launching, a moon-watch team at Sacramento, Calif. reported that the spaceship had apparently separated into three parts. Soon Air Force and Smithsonian trackers at Cambridge, Mass., concluded that the spacecraft had thrown off small parts, perhaps seven in all, and was on a new and higher orbit whose apogee (high point) had risen from 208.6 miles to 418.5 miles above the earth.

Something must have gone wrong. The

way to bring a satellite, manned or unmanned, down to the atmosphere is to fire a forward-pointing retrorocket to reduce its speed. If this is done properly, the satellite will curve down into the denser air, where it will be slowed further by friction. If the retrorocket is fired in the wrong direction, it will speed the satellite up and put it on an orbit with a higher apogee. The U.S. Air Force Discoverer satellite program has suffered from just such aiming errors.

"An Order Was Sent." While U.S. spacemen were guessing, an official announcement came from Moscow. "An order was sent to the ship," it said, "to



Jak—London Evening Standard

"DUMMY TO BASE, DUMMY TO BASE. WHAT'S THIS ABOUT NOT COMING BACK?"

switch on its braking device to deflect the ship down from its orbit and detach its pressurized cabin. However, as a result of a fault in the spaceship's orientation system, the direction of the retrorocket's blast deviated from that planned. As a result, the speed of the spaceship, instead of being reduced, increased slightly, and the ship slipped into a new elliptical orbit, lying almost in the same plane but having a much higher apogee. The Russians also explained that while most of the spaceship's instruments had reported faithfully, an attempt to rebroadcast voice signals sent up from the ground had produced only jumbled sounds.

No tangible evidence has been presented that the Soviet's pre-summit spacecraft actually contained a live man. If it did, he was good and dead.

In the Beginning...

Most modern astronomers agree that the sun and its planets condensed from a single great cloud of gas. But they disagree, sometimes sharply, about the details of how it happened—and none of the

theories have ever quite fitted together to give a satisfying solution to one of science's most baffling puzzles. Now, from Professor Hannes Alfvén of Stockholm's Royal Institute of Technology, comes a promising explanation. To explain the solar system, Alfvén says, other scientists have used plain old hydrodynamics (the behavior of fluids, including gases); if magnetohydrodynamics (the behavior of ionized gases in a magnetic field) is used instead, many things become clear.

Alfvén points out in Britain's *New Scientist* that ordinary hydrodynamics rules only in tiny crannies of the universe, such as the earth's ocean and the lower levels of the earth's atmosphere. The great bulk of the universe, including the stars and most of the matter between them, is made of ionized gases whose atoms have electric charges caused by the effects of heat or radiation. Unlike the earth's familiar water and air, most of whose atoms are electrically neutral, ionized gases are influenced by the magnetic fields that pervade space.

Three Parts. When the sun formed in the heart of a hot and ionized cosmic cloud, Alfvén believes, the sun's powerful magnetic field fended off the distant, electrically charged parts of the cloud. Gradually the cloud cooled, and some of its ionized atoms combined with electrons, making the atoms electrically neutral and permitting them to fall toward the sun. After they had fallen a few hundred million miles, they acquired tremendous speed, collided with the thin gas that surrounds the sun, were ionized again by the energy of collision, and then were stopped in their tracks by the sun's magnetic field. Easily ionized chemical elements were stopped well away from the sun; some that were harder to ionize got close to the sun before they were halted.

One fraction of the cloud, mostly made up of hard-to-ionize elements, stopped near the orbit of Venus (67 million miles from the sun). As it cooled off, some of its material condensed into dust. The dust grains grew bigger and bigger by attracting each other, and they finally coalesced to form three planets: Mercury, Venus and Earth. Another fraction of the cosmic cloud stopped farther away from the sun, forming Mars and the moon. Since these two zones of planet formation overlapped, the earth was able to capture the moon as its satellite. The big outer planets, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus and Neptune, were formed from a third fraction of the cosmic cloud, whose chemical composition allowed it to be ionized and stopped at a very great distance from the sun.

Third Planet. Alfvén believes that his theory gives nearly every star a retinue of planets. "In fact," he says, "if we consider a star with the same mass as the sun, we should expect that the third planet from it moves at about the same distance as the earth from the sun, and has a constitution which is similar."

A reasonable extension of Alfvén's theory: the third planet away from stars like the sun has the conditions most likely to sustain life.

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to vacation
on the Moon?

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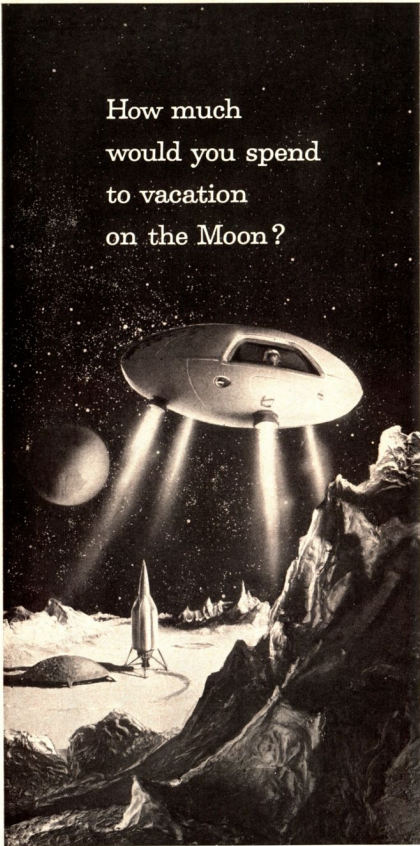
What will Lunar vacations cost? When rocket development is written off and we have nuclear power, a traveler may go for about the present price of a tiger hunt or African safari!

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ART

Buddha in a Toga

The twangy strains of Pakistani music filled the galleries of Manhattan's Asia House last week, but the 65 stone heads, statues and reliefs on exhibit seemed to owe almost as much to the West as to the East. On loan from the government of Pakistan, these peaceful figures are the graceful legacy of an ancient civilization that to this day remains partially wreathed in mystery.

The Gandhara sculptures get their name from a small, hilly region around Peshawar that at the time of Darius I (522-485 B.C.) was a province of Persia. From that time until its final decline after the White Hun sacking of the 6th century A.D., Gandhara was swept from conqueror to conqueror. It was part of India for a while, and then came the Indo-Greek dynasties founded by the captains of Alexander the Great. The Scythians fought over it; Rome's Emperors Augustus, Trajan and Hadrian exchanged trade missions with it. Finally, in the 3rd century, the Persians took it over again. East and West clawed at Gandhara, and in the midst of the battles Gandhara's artists learned from both.

Buddhism was their religion; yet they also found much to love in the gods and goddesses of Greece and Rome. They were fascinated by centaurs and Tritons, and they could produce a handsome Athena or Roma, helmet and all. They dutifully gave Buddha's head the magic bump that marked his Buddhahood—though they were likely to disguise it under a mop of hair inspired by Apollo. Buddha himself often appeared draped in a Roman toga, and some of the men could have come straight out of the Roman Senate. But while the artists borrowed, they did not



BERNARD BERENSON IN THE VILLA BORGHESE

copy; the spiritual serenity of their work could have come only from the East.

The sculptures of Gandhara—a name that had long since vanished from the map—lay for centuries in forgotten ruins. It was not until the 1920s, when the great city of Taxila was excavated, that the happy fusion of East and West was generally recognized. Until then, Gandhara's modern British rulers were apt to look upon these remnants of a distant time as meaningless curiosities. Once, when soldiers of the Queen's Own Corps of Guides came upon some ancient reliefs, they decided to use them to decorate the fireplace of their mess hall at Mardan. As might have been expected, smoke begrimed the stones, so the ingenious Guides covered them with a coat of black shoe polish. Shoe blacking darkens some of them still.

The Trials of Sir Galahad

Pablo Picasso once took a look at a 1907 photograph by Alfred Stieglitz and exclaimed, "That man is working in the same direction I am!" Picasso spoke for the small group that had long realized that a great photographer is also a great artist. But one pesky question remains: Since even a bad or indifferent photographer—unlike a bad painter—can by accident produce a great picture, how much is art and how much is fortuitous subject matter? Last week, in Manhattan, the question was noisily reopened at the Metropolitan Museum of Art's exhibition of 176 photographs, a few of which are reproduced above and on the following color pages.

The exhibit bore the ambitious title of "Photography in the Fine Arts," and was the brainchild of Ivan Dmitri, a onetime etcher who switched to commercial photography when etching lost to the camera in the 1930s. Dmitri decided that most museums would not bother with the serious photographer, and galleries were not interested in showing

or selling his wares. What photographers needed, Dmitri argued, was someone to screen out the best from the millions of pictures taken each year.

Kudos & Kicks. Last summer Dmitri held his first show under what he considered promising conditions. With help from the *Saturday Review*, he campaigned to get amateur and professional photographers, libraries, camera associations, magazines, even advertising agencies to send him hundreds of their best pictures. He then got together a jury consisting not only of photographers, but also museum curators and art critics. Director James J. Rorimer of the Met Museum agreed to hang the final selections as works of art. When the show opened, it was an immediate hit with gallerygoers—but the more successful it became, the more bitterness it aroused among some professional cameramen.

The attack was led by famed 81-year-old Photographer Edward Steichen, who is also director of the photography department at Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art, which has been taking photographs seriously for nearly 30 years. The professionals claimed that they alone were qualified to judge their own work; the way to stage a proper show was to select the best photographers and let them submit their best. The magazine *Modern Photography* published a biting attack on the Metropolitan's exhibit under the title "The Day Photography Was Kicked in the Head."

Cameras on Guns. This year's Met show found tempers even higher. When Dmitri asked Steichen to serve on the 1960 jury, the old man contemptuously dismissed Dmitri as "the Sir Galahad of Photography," denounced his campaign as "the most damaging thing that has ever happened to the art of photography"; it



D. E. NELSON

GANDHARA HEAD (CIRCA A.D. 100)

"DREAMBOAT" ➔

THE REV. W. GEORGE THORNTON

TIME, MAY 30, 1960





was as if the Metropolitan "went to the sign painters' union for its paintings." Besides, said Steichen, getting to the nub of the controversy: How could anyone tell from one or two entries whether a photographer had been guided by art or accident? "Some of the finest photographs of the last war were taken by automatic cameras mounted on the machine guns of our planes."

Still, the Met's show proves that pictures can be art even if picture takers have no pedigree as artists. It also gives proof again of what a versatile instrument the camera has become. It can encompass seas or explore a drop of ink, suggest the whoosh of motion, record the moment that a cluster of hands falls into an unforgettable pattern or the mood evoked when a great critic pauses to contemplate an art treasure. Two pictures that were favorites of the judges happened to be snapped by amateurs. Manhattan's William Froelich, an ex-electronics salesman, produced a design of blazing reds in his *The Sellers of Holy Powder at Benares*. And Methodist Minister W. George Thornton of Titusville, Pa. put two photographs together to create a *Dreamboat* gliding out of a mist, as if emerging from another world.

Go West Again, Young Man

Harry Jackson is a stocky man of 36 who sports a beatnik beard, wears a handsome pair of cowboy boots, and is just about as restless as an artist can be. Ten years ago he was hailed as one of the most promising newcomers to the New York school of abstract expressionism. But last week he had on display at Manhattan's Knoedler Gallery a series of brilliant little bronzes of cowboys and cattle, proving himself an apt pupil at an older school, that of Frederic Remington.

As a boy growing up in Chicago, Jackson had two passions: drawing and horses. A headache to his truant officer, he decided at 14 to skip town altogether. He had heard of a romantic place called Cody, Wyoming, and without even a word to his mother, he headed west.

At Cody, he recalls, he "saddled horses for dudes, slopped hogs, and generally didn't do anything romantic." In World War II, he joined the Marines to do reconnaissance sketches, was wounded at both Tarawa and Saipan. By the time he got home, his non-reconnaissance "war painting" had begun to attract attention.

It was in New York, where he began studying art under the G.I. bill, that Jackson underwent his first transformation. "It was just bad luck that I didn't run into any realist painters like Hopper," says he, "for all I could see in realism was dried-up old people worried about whether there were fingerprints on their canvases." He fell "like crazy" for Jackson Pollock. He studied with Mexico's gentle Rufino Tamayo ("He never taught you anything,



JACKSON & "BRONC STOMPER"

but at least he left you alone"), came to know De Kooning, the new panjandrum of action painting, and for a while was married to Grace Hartigan, one of the lady prophets of abstract expressionism. Then, in 1954, Harry Jackson suddenly stopped painting abstractions and set off for Europe to copy the old masters. "I wanted to get back to my old point of view," he says, "yet I wanted to bring to the old way the freedom I'd been given. That's the artist's secret, you know: to put that freedom into forms anyone can recognize." In his bronzes, Jackson found what he was looking for.

His cowboys battle a thundering stampede, sing their long ballads, rope their steers, and, in solemn ritual, bury a friend under the big sky. They manage to combine power and tenderness. "I like taking something they have made saccharine and make it real again."

The Vatican Goes Modern

As one of the world's great treasure houses of art, the Vatican has long acted as if all painters of merit stopped painting and all sculptors stopped sculpting some time during the 17th century. Last week, almost by stealth, the Vatican opened two galleries devoted solely to late 19th and 20th century art. There was no ceremony, not even an announcement to the press.

Included were the work of 19 Italians and five Frenchmen, all on their very best behavior. Rodin is represented by a terra cotta study of his *Thinker*, Rouault by a somber *Autumn*. About the liveliest item in the show is a couple of playful cats done by Sculptor Pericle Fazzini. As usual, Giorgio de Chirico was unhappy about the choice of his work—an un-inspired *Still Life with Fruit* and *Milan Cathedral Seen from Rooftops*. Said he: "Of course all my works are good, but these are of lesser importance."

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WILLIAM FROELICH

Danger's Companion

I would not like to drive a racing car unless there was an element of danger involved, any more than I would like to fight a bull without horns. And when I take a corner perfectly, it's like a painter who has been sweating at a portrait and can't quite capture a smile and then makes it with one stroke of the brush.

Danger is Stirling Moss's obsession. In his long companionship with peril he has driven a racing car with one leg in a



BRITAIN'S MOSS
So many tricks.

plaster cast. He has sped around curves while nearly blinded by glass fragments in his eyes. His crash helmet has been dented by a rival's car hurtling just over his head. And it is mostly because of his fascination with danger that Britain's Moss, 30, is by common consent the world's fastest driver.

Moss's record is his own monument. He has won most of the world's great motor races, many of them several times. He has been Britain's champion nine times. One of his regular rivals wryly acknowledges: "When I pass Moss, I wonder what is wrong with his car." Says his fellow British driver, Tony Brooks: "Driving over 200 miles on each of the world's circuits, Stirling would turn out quite a bit better than anyone else." Says Australia's skilled Jack Brabham: "He's the toughest competitor anybody can have. All he lives for is driving. Just about all he thinks of is driving."

Last week Stirling Moss and California's Dan Gurney drove a Maserati to victory in a grueling, 620-mile sports car race in Nurburgring, Germany. This week, as Europe's Grand Prix season opens at Monaco, Stirling Moss is as always the

driver to beat. But despite his great success, Moss is a restless, unhappy man—for in his twelve years of professional driving, he has never yet won motor racing's highest honor, the Grand Prix driving championship.

Sliding & Slipstreaming. Moss's own perfectionism is his greatest handicap, argues the London *Daily Express's* Basil Cardew, forcing him "to exact more from a car, because he makes it go faster, than possibly anyone we have known in the past." His demands have resulted in a long history of mechanical breakdowns and kept the Grand Prix championship beyond his reach. But Stirling Moss insists he can drive no other way.

The son of a London dentist, Moss has been driving autos since he was ten. Muscular but small—he weighs 154 lbs. and stands 5 ft. 8 in. "with my thick socks on"—he is ideally built to withstand the hours of high-speed driving in a racer's tiny cockpit. His experience has taught him every trick of handling the 250-h.p. Grand Prix cars. He can swing a car into a slide to kill speed, use a bank bordering on a turn as a buffer to keep his rear wheels on the road. He won last year's Italian Grand Prix by "slipstreaming"—tailing a Ferrari so closely that the rival car acted as a windbreak, letting Moss conserve precious fuel and tires.

Frightening Situation. Moss is at his best in the tire-tearing duels on the corners, where drivers must rapidly downshift from speeds of 160 m.p.h. to 60 m.p.h. and below, then shift up again. Says Moss: "The thing to remember is that it is the speed with which you come out of the corner that matters. If you come out of a corner five miles an hour faster than any other man, you've got a big advantage going into the straight."

Since 1956, 13 Grand Prix drivers have been killed, and Moss himself admits to fear: "In a race, it's a matter of inches. If you overdo it, you lose control of the car. Once you know you have lost control—that the car can do what it wants and not what you want it to do—it's a very frightening situation." But it is that sort of danger that Moss loves best. "Driving a racing car," he says, "is something I think I'll enjoy for as long as I live." Then he adds: "However long that is."

Stout Steve

He is the sort who sprouts baseball's legends. Groundkeepers swear that they have tape-measured his mighty wallops at up to 600 ft. Of his speed afoot, it has been hazarded that if a race were to be run between him and an oak tree, the smart money would ride on the oak. Sportswriters fondly recall his beer-drinking exploits, like the time he hopped off a Cincinnati Reds bus during a brief stop to buy a case of cold brew, downed two bottles while getting his change. Former teammates remember being unable to get into his hotel room because he had stuffed towels under the door, turned on

BASEBALL'S BEST

AMERICAN LEAGUE

TEAM: Chicago (by $\frac{1}{2}$ game)
PITCHER: Hall, Kansas City (4-0)
BATTER: Runnels, Boston (.356)
HR: Lemon, Washington (9)
RBI: Skowton, New York (24)

NATIONAL LEAGUE

TEAM: Pittsburgh (by $\frac{1}{2}$ games)
PITCHER: Law, Pittsburgh (6-1)
BATTER: Clemente, Pittsburgh; Burgess, Pittsburgh (.377)
HR: Aaron, Milwaukee; Banks, Chicago; McCovey, San Francisco (9)
RBI: Clemente, Pittsburgh (32)

the shower's hot water full blast, and while resting on his bed, converted the place into a steam bath in an effort to sweat off a few of his 250 lbs. But the amiable giant who furnishes the stuff for such stories is no modern Babe Ruth; he is Stephen Thomas Bilko, 31, one of major-league baseball's most fascinating flops.

Currently with the Detroit Tigers in his 16th year of organized baseball, First Baseman Bilko has long been dubbed "the Paul Bunyan of the Bushes." The name is well earned for Bilko's minor-league record is formidable: in 1956, for example, he batted .360, hit 55 home runs, and knocked in 164 runs for Los Angeles, then in the Pacific Coast League. Such minor-league larruping at one time placed a \$200,000 price tag around Stout Steve's bulneck, had won him four major-league tries before this year's with the Tigers. Each time he came up with personal hopes



DETROIT'S BILKO
So much legend.

Detroit News

equaled only by those of his bosses; each time, sooner or later, he went back down. The old sad pattern seems about to be repeated.

"Best Chance Ever." The Tigers badly needed a first baseman for 1960—and as had happened before with other teams, Detroit's eye landed on Bilko, who had had a fine 1959 season with Spokane. The Tigers got Bilko for the \$25,000 draft price plus a salary of \$15,000, and Manager Jimmy Dykes made it plain that he was counting on Steve. In spring training, Bilko batted .304, hit four home runs and felt good: "This is my best chance ever. If I don't make it this time, I have no one to blame but myself."

In the American League season's first days, Bilko still looked good: he hit home runs on consecutive days against the Chicago White Sox. Then, as the weather grew warmer, came the seemingly slight difference in pitching between the majors and the top minors that is best described by Bilko himself: "Up here you see a good pitcher every day. Down there, maybe only five in seven days, and down there are a lot of young guys who don't know what they're doing yet."

"Up—or Else." To Steve Bilko, that difference has long been the one between success and failure. By last week he was hitting a poverty-stricken .135, was riding the Detroit bench, and had every reason to expect to pack. To Steve Bilko, it was a familiar story. "In the minors, you can have your ups and downs. But here, you got to be up all the time—or else."

Scoreboard

❑ Playing his first cricket match on a pickup Oxford team, Army's former All America Halfback Pete Dawkins cracked out a "boundary," the equivalent of a home run, moved Oxford's Captain Alan Smith to murmur, "Jolly good, oh, say, jolly good." But Rhodes Scholar Dawkins, who startled the British last year by mastering rugby, shrugged off his feat: "It would take me 80 years to become a good cricket player."

❑ With surprising ease, Bally Ache sprinted to a four-length victory in the 84th Preakness at Baltimore's Pimlico to gladden the hearts of the syndicate that had bought him for \$1,250,000 a fortnight ago. Kentucky Derby Winner Venetian Way floundered home fifth.

❑ Like the good country cousins they are, the Kansas City Athletics traded slugging Outfielder Bob Cerv to the New York Yankees for bench-riding Third Baseman Andy Carey to complete the 16th in a series of deals between the two clubs in the past five years, involving 61 players. Sent to the Athletics by the Yankees in 1956, Cerv celebrated his return by going three-for-five in his opening game, hitting a homer in his second, but still could not prevent two Yankee losses to the Chicago White Sox.

❑ Taking six of nine matches, a youthful band of American girls routed their British opponents at Lindrick, England, to win amateur golf's Curtis Cup for the first time since 1954.



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THE PRESS

Headline of the Week

Over Louella Parsons' column in the
New York *Journal-American*:

MR. K'S YELLS
DON'T SCARE
FILM-MAKERS

Poisoned Ivy

Princeton's President Robert F. Goheen plainly thought he had found poison in his ivy. At a press conference last week, Goheen said angrily: "I think it was an ignorant editorial." Goheen's target was none other than the New York *Times*, which to the ordinary reader seems to observe a Be Kind to Education Week about 52 times a year.

The *Times* had editorially criticized the eight Ivy League colleges for the "haphazard and chaotic conditions reigning in this year's admissions decisions." Compelled to turn down 25,740 of 39,380 applicants for next fall, the Ivies admittedly made many decisions more on a subjective evaluation of a candidate than on his academic rating (*TIME*, May 23). To the *Times*, this was engaging in "something that looks like blindman's buff." Instead, the *Times* urged that admissions to the Ivy League schools be governed on a "strictly objective" basis—"an average of entrance examination scores or the like—which would insure that the best minds are accepted and avoid any suspicion of unfairness or of bungling."

To Goheen, "the editorial implies there are absolutely reliable measures of individual ability and achievements. At this time these measures do not exist." Or as Princeton's director of admissions, C. William Edwards, put it: "It was the most irresponsible piece of journalism I've ever seen in the *Times*. If we followed their imbecilic recommendations, we would be in a real mess."

In the *Times*'s letters column, an irate reader added to the din: "I am glad that the New York *Times* did not determine college-entrance requirements when I applied for admission. I would not have been in the top group. In subsequent years I made a pretty good trustee of the institution from which the *Times* would have barred me, but perhaps by accepting me they lost another Einstein! Nonetheless, I think you are wrong in urging that marks be the sole factor in determining admissions—very, very wrong. In fact, one more 'very.' The letter was signed by 'A. Aitchess'—a pen name made up of his three initials, used by *Times* Publisher Arthur Hays Sulzberger.

The Hair Apparent

Entering the crowded city room, the first desk a visitor runs into is that of a crew-cut young man in shirtsleeves, who looks like a cub reporter fresh from journalism school. The young man is, in fact, William Pettus Hobby Jr., 28, who last week was named managing editor of the

powerful Houston *Post*, which is owned and run by his parents, Texas' former Governor William P. Hobby, 82, the *Post*'s ailing board chairman, and Oveta Culp Hobby, 55, first U.S. Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, the *Post*'s president and editor.

Bill Hobby Jr. takes over a healthy paper. Daily circulation figures of 215,063 put the morning *Post* comfortably ahead of its chief local rival, the afternoon Houston *Chronicle*, and its Sunday circulation is the biggest in Texas. Editorially, the *Post*'s blanket news coverage and lively writing have made it the equal of any paper in the Southwest. But Bill Hobby is



Oveta & William P. Hobby Jr.
Following in the giants' footsteps.

taking command of a paper made outstanding by others—who have left.

The Caretakers. Much of the credit for the *Post*'s present dominance goes to former Executive Editor Arthur Laro and former Managing Editor Jack Donahue. Laro took over the dull and stodgy *Post*—which then trailed Jesse Jones' *Chronicle* in circulation—in 1947, was given a relatively free hand by Mrs. Hobby. He livened the layout, raided the rival Houston *Press* for top talent, strengthened the *Post*'s coverage of both state and national news. In 1958 he hired Donahue, whose aim was simple: "The *Post* already had the intellectuals; we wanted to go out and get the rest."

To get the rest, Donahue sometimes indulged in cornball stunts. He started a Sunday series on unsolved crimes, offered \$5,000 rewards to readers coming up with solutions. When Donahue asked Mrs. Hobby's approval of the crime series, she replied: "It has an aura of the common about it. Cloak it with a mantle of decency." Recalls Donahue: "I started each piece out with a quotation about public

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service—J. Edgar Hoover or something—then shot the works.”

But both Laro and Donahue realized that they were only the *Post's* caretakers until Heir Apparent Bill Hobby came of executive age. Shortly before the change-over, Laro quit the *Post* to join the Los Angeles *Mirror-News* as executive editor; last week Donahue followed, was hired as the *Mirror-News's* assistant managing editor. Nearly a dozen other *Post* staffers have indicated that they might hit the trail to California too. To reassure the staff about its new boss, young Hobby stuck this sentence into the *Post's* news story of the change: “Former Governor William P. Hobby became managing editor in 1905 at the age of 26. His son is 28.”

Keep It Quiet. Though critics who praise the *Post's* news coverage often complain about the placidity of its editorial page, the *Post* supported the Supreme Court's desegregation decision, condemned Orval Faubus' stand in Little Rock. The *Post's* attitude is that it is best to do things quietly, reflecting its motto: “Let facts be submitted to a candid world.” Says Mrs. Hobby: “State lines, national lines, rivers and oceans are no more than markings on a map. We want to give our readers the opportunity to know more about national and international problems and how interdependent Houston is on them.” With such guidance, Managing Editor Bill Hobby is likely to continue putting out one of the Southwest's better newspapers.

Service or Spectacle?

Few theses are so likely to unite U.S. editors and publishers in righteous fervor as the notion that, justice being the public's business, the press has a right to exercise its constitutional freedom in covering court trials.

The trial of freedom for which they have long been arguing was recently extended to newspapers and radio stations in a Mississippi murder trial. The details of the case were particularly spicy: the defendant was a 20-year-old college student accused of killing his 31-year-old married mistress by wrapping a coat hanger around her neck. Given near-complete freedom of the courtroom by the presiding judge, newsmen tape-recorded testimony with equipment so sensitive that it could pick up the whispered conversations of the defense attorneys.

Within an hour after witnesses left the stand, a network of 14 stations was playing the juicy testimony over the air. Nightly each station had a 3½-hour trial roundup for the benefit of working people who had missed the daytime broadcasts. By the end of the trial, with the defendant found guilty, public feeling had been so aroused that one lawyer commented last week: “I'm afraid that the radio and newspaper coverage of this trial will make it impossible to find a jury anywhere in Mississippi in case a new trial is ordered.” Such criticism led to a delicate question: When does the press stop performing a public service and start creating a public spectacle?

MISCELLANY

Amen. In Cedar Lake, Ind., in a 25-word-or-less essay contest on the subject, “How I Want My Wife to Dress for a Party,” Winner Florian J. Heiser needed only one word: “Quickly.”

Miss-hap. In Kampala, Uganda, the country's first “Miss Uganda” contest ended somewhat unhappily when one of the contestants had a miscarriage.

Bow Yow. Near Von Ormy, Texas, Bobby Yow reported to police that burglars had robbed his house of objects worth \$150, plus an additional item of undetermined value: his watchdog.

Nobody But Nobody... In New York City, a Gimbels advertisement labeled a “special purchase” set of stainless steel tableware as “imported American.”

Hopsickles. In Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio, Vendor Lyle Smith was fined \$100 and banished from the town by Municipal Judge Edward O'Mahoney for selling beer from his Good Humor truck.

Paddy Poopers. In Barrio, Sarawak, a plague of rice-ravaging rats and mice pooped out after the British Royal Air Force parachuted a platoon of cats into the area.

Windfall? In Topeka, Kans., after spading a hole in his backyard for use as a tornado hideaway, Grist Haydon was visited by a deputy tax assessor, who placed a value of \$150 on the diggings.

Salad Days. In Los Angeles, Actress Estelita Rodriguez won a divorce from Alfonso Haliss when she testified that he was so stingy that he refused to let her buy cold cream, forced her to use olive oil on her face.

Ounce of Prevention. In Paris, officials alerted a rescue crew to stand by along the Seine to be ready in case a sightseeing boat, chartered by British and French chapters of the Large Girls Club, sank.

Yes'm. In Memphis, after being ordered by his teacher to swallow what he was chewing, Rangel Burks, 7, obliged, was taken to the hospital with a pencil stub in his stomach.

Fighting Fire with Fire. In New Dorp, Staten Island, the opening of a new \$285,000 firehouse was held up when the Building Department discovered that the structure did not comply with city fire-safety requirements.

Pulling Out the Stops. In St. Louis, after his organist had begun a third run-through of a two-verse hymn, Pastor Marion F. Stuart of the Tyler Place Presbyterian Church hastily gave a call to prayer: “Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.”



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TIME, MAY 30, 1960

BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

Second Thoughts

The first business assessment of the blowup at the summit was made by the stock market. At the news from Paris the market shot up, paced by heavy buying in missiles and electronics stocks. While the tape ran late for a total of three hours on two successive days, trading reached its heaviest volume—5,240,000 shares—in more than a year and a half.

Wall Streeters were counting on a big hike in defense spending, but when Washington took pains to refute this talk, investors had some sober second thoughts. They began to sell the defense stocks, turned their attention to such old favorites as leisure-time stock and such neglected issues as rails and oils. Total effect: the market advanced to 625.24 on the Dow-Jones industrial average, up 12.21 for the biggest one-week gain in six weeks.

"A Few Billions." Wall Street's second thoughts posed the same question that most U.S. businessmen were asking: Would defense spending really be stepped up? Said Bureau of the Budget Director Maurice H. Stans: "I don't think the summit will have any effect on the defense budget. The difference is that, given disarmament agreement and significant lessening of tensions, we would have been able soon to reduce spending. Now this will not be possible."

Many in both Wall Street and Washington still felt that some rise in defense was likely. The Defense Department's statement last week—that no increase in defense spending is needed—got a cool reception from Congress. Such plans as Army modernization and the Polaris program should be reviewed, said Georgia's

Senator Richard Russell, even if it adds "a few billions" to the defense budget.

To many businessmen involved in defense work this meant that, whether or not spending jumped, they could at least stop worrying about promised orders that they had feared might be canceled. Said Tom Bay, marketing manager of Fairchild Semiconductor Corp.: "The military has been holding back, particularly on advanced programs. Now they may feel they need to go ahead." Said Dean Wooldridge, president of Thompson Ramo Wooldridge: "I think the odds are more strongly in favor of increased defense spending than they were two weeks ago, particularly in the small-war area."

No Score. With all the talk and market activity, neither the market nor U.S. businessmen were basically affected in their stance by the collapse of the summit. "The American business community has been scared so often," says Inland Steel Chairman Joseph Block, "that a scare doesn't have any real effect any more. We go on an even tenor." Actually, businessmen agreed that the summit explosion came just when the market was due for a rise, and just when the mood of U.S. businessmen was changing. Says Chevrolet Boss Edward N. Cole: "The pessimism about our economic health which prevailed just a few weeks ago has largely disappeared. There now seems to be general agreement that business activity will improve slowly throughout the year."

There was good reason for the shift. The Federal Reserve Board's index of industrial production, mirroring the nation's total factory output, held level at 109 in April. Personal income rose to a new high of \$397.5 billion in April, jumping \$3.5 billion for the month, in contrast to an

average monthly gain so far this year of only \$600 million. Paced by Chrysler and General Motors, auto production last week hit a three-month high of 156,578 cars, pushing total 1960 production above 3,000,000—17% ahead of 1959.

The auto industry will have to maintain record production levels in May and June to keep up with the continuing surge in sales. In the first ten days in May they were the best for any ten-day period in four years. The National Automobile Dealers' Association reported that U.S. auto dealers had their best first quarter in five years, were averaging an operating profit of \$70 per new car sold v. last year's \$63, despite lower markups on compact cars. With the compacts doing so well, General Motors made it official that it will offer three new ones: a Buick called the Special, a Pontiac called the Tempest, and an Oldsmobile called, for reasons that puzzled even some Olds executives, the F-85. The consensus of businessmen was that the consumer would go right on buying, despite international tensions. Businessmen themselves may change their buying habits. So far this year, they have kept inventories at a minimum, largely because of tight money and anxiety over the business situation. Now they might well start to build them up again, not only to meet the promise of better business but to be on the safe side in case of any new international crises.

RETAIL TRADE

Problems of Integration

In Watertown, N.Y., students from nearby colleges carrying signs reading **END LUNCH COUNTER DISCRIMINATION** marched quietly one day last week outside the F. W. Woolworth store. Inside, Woolworth's top management and some 120 stockholders gathered tensely for the company's annual meeting since Negro students in the South selected Woolworth lunch counters as a major testing ground in their fight for equal rights.

The protests came swiftly against Woolworth's policies. Among the first to speak was Florida A. & M. College Student Barbara Broxton, 20, released from jail a fortnight ago after serving 48 days on a trespassing conviction arising from a sit-in at a Woolworth lunch counter in Tallahassee. Brought to the meeting by the Congress of Racial Equality (CORE), Barbara said: "I speak for the Southern students. We will fight because we are right. I've been in jail, and I'm willing to go back if necessary." The Rev. Thomas Carlisle, pastor of Watertown's Stone Street Presbyterian Church, read a petition, signed by 14 local ministers and a rabbi, urging Woolworth, which got its start in Watertown, to "pioneer" better racial relations in the South.

Community Responsibility. Woolworth President R. C. Kirkwood was ready with a written statement. "Dealing as we are,"



STUDENT BROXTON AT MEETING WITH WOOLWORTH PRESIDENT KIRKWOOD (REAR RIGHT)
"We will fight because we are right."

said he, "with deep-rooted convictions of people in the South, it is hardly realistic to suppose that any one company is influential enough to suddenly change their thinking on the subject." Heckled by the handful of anti-segregationists, Kirkwood replied: "This is not an issue between Woolworth and the colored race; it is between the American people and the colored race."

Anti-segregation demonstrators also turned up last week at the S. H. Kress annual meeting in New York City. Like Woolworth, Kress holds that the decision is up to the community. "We feel," said Kress Board Chairman Paul L. Troast, "that each of our stores should follow the custom of the community in which it operates. We should not use our position as a nationwide company to force a change on any individual city or town."

The man behind the demonstrations at both meetings is James Peck, 45, editor of CORE's *Correlator*. Despite his two latest setbacks, Peck believes that attending company meetings produces results, says his pleas helped to cause W. T. Grant to open its lunch counters in Baltimore to Negroes and Greyhound to end segregated bus seating. "I attended Greyhound annual meetings for nine years straight," says Peck. "Finally, we won." Even before the demonstrations last week, both Kress and Woolworth had stopped excluding Negroes from lunch counters in San Antonio, Galveston and Nashville. Kress has desegregated in Austin. Negotiations to desegregate the counters are under way in many other Southern cities.

The Price of Segregation. How much have the sit-ins and picketing hurt business? Both Woolworth and Kress refuse to say. Woolworth has only 18% of its 2,250 stores in the South. On overall figures, Woolworth has not been affected. Last year sales rose to a record \$916,836,907; earnings were \$4.03 per share (v. \$3.34 in 1958). So far this year, sales are up 11.8%.

At Kress, which has 151 of its 266 stores in the South, the story is different. Kress's nationwide sales have declined steadily since 1952 except for a brief upsurge in 1958. Last year earnings dropped 63%, and sales so far this year are 4.6% below the 1959 level. Long before the picketing started, the chain was doing so poorly that there was a wholesale shakeup in top management.

RAILROADS

Track to Survival

In an era of tough competition and rising operating costs, the road to profitable survival for many of the nation's railroads and some of its airlines is merger. Many leaders in the rail and air fields have long appreciated this fact, and it is becoming increasingly clear that the appropriate agencies of the U.S. Government share their view.

The Interstate Commerce Commission is on record as favoring railroad consolidations in principle—as the best way to meet the powerful competition of trucks



for freight, and autos and planes for passengers. Costs can be cut by eliminating duplicate facilities. Last fall the ICC approved a merger of the Norfolk & Western and the Virginian railroads; last March a commission examiner recommended a merger plan for the Erie and Lackawanna roads. Similarly, the Civil Aeronautics Board is moving toward the view that mergers, not subsidies or new routes, are the best way for the airlines industry to meet the formidable problems of new jet-age competition. Both the CAB and the ICC are expected to go along with mergers that make economic sense. Last week

six railroads and two airlines (see below) announced merger plans or closer working relationships.

The Chesapeake & Ohio Railway, the nation's biggest soft-coal carrier, offered to buy the stock of the Baltimore & Ohio as "the first step toward merger." The railroads have more than 11,000 miles of track and assets of \$2.3 billion, would displace the Southern Pacific in the No. 2 spot, and rank only below the Pennsylvania. Another road deeply interested in the C. & O. merger is the New York Central. It has been talking to the two roads about a three-way merger that

TIME CLOCK

TRAIN TRIPS ON CUFF will be started for first time in U.S. railroad industry by Atchafalaya, Topeka & Santa Fe on June 1. Passengers must pay 10% on minimum fare of \$60, can pay off complete trips over periods up to two years.

RUSSIAN OIL must be refined by U.S. firms in Cuba under new order of Castro government. Standard Oil Co. (N.J.) and Texaco were advised that they will each be expected to refine 300,000 tons of Russian crude oil being exchanged for sugar.

NEW FORD STEEL process will cut its open-hearth-furnace production time in half, says company. Ford puts oxygen, fuel and burned lime into furnaces v. usual limestone. Steel industry is skeptical of the process' high costs, but Ford plans to put it into use by 1962.

TRANSISTOR-RADIO QUOTAS will be set by Japanese government on exports to U.S. in a move to head

off U.S.-imposed restrictions. Japanese companies have asked for quota of 6,000,000 sets with three or more transistors and 2,000,000 toy sets with one or two transistors, about 2,000,000 sets more than 1959 exports.

ZECKENDORF'S Webb & Knapp has dropped plan to buy 20th Century-Fox's 267-acre movie lot in Los Angeles and develop it into \$500 million "Century City," needs its cash for other developments. Kratter Corp., New York realty investment company, will pay \$43 million cash for the property, build middle-income housing and shopping centers. Webb & Knapp still plans a 950-room hotel.

RED EXPORT LICENSES in first quarter rose to postwar high of \$35.4 million, up from \$30.5 million in last quarter of 1959. Products authorized for shipment included four helicopters for Premier Khrushchev. Now Government experts predict increased cold-war tensions will cause a drop in trade with Russia.

MENTAL HEALTH ON THE JOB

Industry's \$3 Billion Problem

HAVING learned the wisdom of caring for its workers' physical welfare, U.S. industry is now debating a new question: Should it also concern itself with their mental health? Once, a worker's emotional state was considered strictly his own business, like the sort of food he ate. But in recent years, many a corporation has recognized a close relationship between the worker's mental state and his performance on the job. Many businessmen are coming to believe that it is only "practical humanitarianism" to try to increase efficiency by improving employees' mental health.

Charles J. Zimmerman, president of the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Co., estimates that each year mental illness on the job costs business \$3 billion directly—enough to buy 150 million hours of psychiatric time at \$20 an hour—and another \$9 billion in indirect costs. Psychiatrists believe that about one in four U.S. workers has a personality disturbance, ranging from anxiety and psychosomatic illnesses to the severe mental disorders, e.g., schizophrenia, that afflict an estimated 1% of the working force. Such disturbances, they contend, are the real causes of many of industry's most common employee difficulties: alcoholism, accidents, resistance to authority, high job turnover, shirking, chronic complaints. Emotional illness causes more absenteeism than any other illness except the common cold, and psychiatrists believe that 70% of all those fired for other reasons (fighting with the boss, sloppy work) are actually suffering from emotional disorders.

To find ways to eliminate such troubles, mental health programs headed by full- or part-time psychiatrists are operated by such companies as Eastman Kodak, Metropolitan Life Insurance, International Business Machines, Du Pont, New York Telephone Co. and American Cyanamid. Hundreds of other companies hire consulting psychologists to plumb their workers' difficulties. The number is still small compared with the total of corporations—partly because highly paid psychiatrists are difficult to attract to industry—but it is growing. U.S. Steel is about to set up a fulltime program, "as a natural step in the development of a medical program," and Bell Telephone Co. of Canada is considering one. Says Dr. Graham Taylor, consulting psychiatrist for two Montreal firms: "Industrial psychiatry is at the threshold of a stage of expansion and development."

Most of the mental health programs are aimed at prevention, spotting the emotionally disturbed person before he gets into serious trouble. The New York Telephone Co. starts right at the door of its personnel office, puts great reliance on careful employee interviewing and aptitude tests to put workers in suitable jobs that will not cause or aggravate an emotional upset. Many company psychiatrists, unable to keep tabs on all workers, train managers and supervisors to look for signs of mental disturbance. Dr. Alan McLean, fulltime psychiatrist for IBM, spends half his time coaching executives in this art. He warns them against trying to play psychiatrist, insists that workers be immediately referred to a psychiatrist or plant doctor for "emotional first aid." Plant psychiatrists usually handle only fairly simple cases, such as unwarranted health anxieties or constant fatigue, send workers to outsiders for prolonged treatment.

Emotional disturbance is no respecter of rank. Du Pont discovered in a study that management, supervisory and hourly paid employees had mental difficulties in the "exact" proportion to their numbers in the company. Contrary to the common belief that executives often break down because of the stress of work, psychiatrists have found that the great majority of mental difficulties have their source outside work, are usually only aggravated or brought to the breaking point by a tense on-the-job situation. That rule applies to the \$4,000-a-year janitor as well as the \$25,000

executive. Though the janitor may be under less pressure at work, he may also be dealing with a \$10,000 home, send five kids through school, deal with a nagging wife.

Some psychiatrists nonetheless believe that the impersonality of modern mass production at least contributes to the problem of mental health. Others, like Du Pont's psychiatric chief, Dr. Gerald Gordon, feel that the job actually provides a needed center of reality. Says Dr. Gordon: "Industry is one of the few realistic situations in our present culture, because its success depends on the hard, cold profit-loss statistics. What is really good, sound business is also good mental health."

Some difficulties on the job can be solved almost as soon as they are discovered. At Jones & Laughlin Steel, an alert foreman noticed that a worker constantly complained of back pains when he was under direct supervision, worked well when he was alone. The company's consulting psychiatrist confirmed that the man was "allergic to supervision"; he was put to work in a position of responsibility—by himself—and the pains disappeared. The boss may often appear as a maniacal tyrant to the worker who is grappling with his own problems. When a pretty Du Pont receptionist complained bitterly to Dr. Gordon about her boss, he discovered that she had a personal problem, suggested a way to solve it. Later, with her problem solved, she called Dr. Gordon to ask if he had talked to her boss (he had not), because "he's suddenly a changed man."

Even in fairly serious cases, some psychiatrists feel that it is better to keep a man or woman on the job during treatment. Says Dr. Raymond J. Murray, medical director of Sperry Gyroscope Co.: "It is surprising how disturbed a person can be and stay on the job." A tougher on-the-job approach is the basis of Du Pont's program. Psychiatrist Gordon does not believe in coddling, thinks that a disturbed worker can be taught to face reality by being required to do his work the same as other workers. Dr. Gordon's theory is that expecting him to do as well as others inspires a certain confidence, gives him the feeling that his world is being held together while he recuperates. Du Pont tried this system on one worker who was losing 60 working days a year through nausea. When efforts to find the trouble failed, psychiatrists and his supervisor set up a realistic performance standard, insisted that he keep to it. The worker warned his boss that the strain would bring on the usual nausea. Said the boss: "Go to the window and throw up, then get back to work." The worker improved so much that he was later made a foreman.

Other psychiatrists do not agree with Du Pont's hard-headed approach, insist on traditional psychiatric methods that take longer and treat a worker's psyche more carefully. In fact, the whole young field of industrial psychiatry is as rife with conflict as are the minds of its patients. One big problem, points out IBM Medical Director Dr. John Duffy, is that "there is no statistical yardstick" to measure the results of mental health programs, "since we aren't buying merchandise." Some businessmen still cling to the old idea that the worker's personal problems are his own business. But, as Dr. John MacIver, fulltime psychiatrist for America Fore Loyalty Group, says, "We have already established in fact that a psychiatric program in industry is not only feasible but high priority."

The important point, to both doctors and executives, is that the problem of mental health is finally out in the open, where it can be defined, understood and debated. Out of the debate over how to handle that problem, industry is sure to gain a new awareness of the need for *mens sana in corpore sano* among its workers—and, gradually, to do more and more about it.

would make the biggest U.S. railroad, web the Eastern states with a network touching almost all major cities (see map).

To put through its plan, the C. & O., which is controlled by Cyrus Eaton, Premier Khrushchev's favorite U.S. capitalist, offered to exchange one share of its common stock for each share of B. & O. preferred stock and one share of C. & O. common for each 1½ shares of B. & O. common. The new road would have the prospect of fat profits. Last year, under President Walter J. Tuohy, the C. & O. earned \$45.7 million on revenues of \$347.6 million, while the B. & O. earned \$14.8 million. As a rich dowry, the B. & O. would bring its 42.2% stock interest in the Reading Co., through which it indirectly controls the Central Railroad of New Jersey, and its 43% stock interest in the Western Maryland Railway.

The Atlantic Coast Line announced plans to merge with the aggressive Seaboard Air Line Railroad, thus end a long rivalry. The new road would be called the Seaboard Coast Line, have assets of \$900 million and rank tenth among the nation's railroads. Seaboard common stockholders would retain their present shares, which would be equal to one share in the new road. Coast Line common stockholders would receive 1.42 shares in the new company for each share now held. John W. Smith, Seaboard president, would become chairman of the new line and W. Thomas Rice, Coast Line president, president.

The Boston & Maine Railroad took control of the Northern Railroad (N.H.), which it has operated under a 99-year lease since 1860. The Northern, organized in 1844, is an important segment in through routes from Boston to Canada.

Eighteen other U.S. roads are studying consolidation. If last week's deals go through, the other plans are bound to speed up, bring the most drastic changes since World War I when the Government took over the railroads, tried to operate them as one enormous unit. All the new plans made railroad stocks, which have been sliding for months, suddenly look inviting. A burst of buying sent some of the stocks up smartly as investors began looking to the rails as a place for dividends—some are paying 6%—and for long-term capital gains.

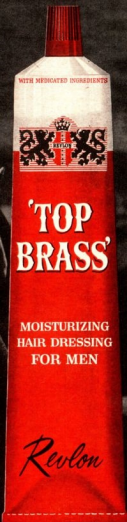
AVIATION

Flight Plans for Profit

Trans World Airlines, the nation's fourth largest airline, last week moved to acquire Northeast Airlines, which serves New England and also has a New York-Miami route. For TWA merger with Northeast will complete the New York-Miami leg of its triangle between the West Coast, Miami and New York. Although TWA will be stuck with Northeast's money-losing New England feeder services, it will pick up passengers for its long-haul and international runs. To Northeast, which lost \$7,000,000 last year and is still in the red, merger will provide seriously needed working capital.

Masterminding the marriage of TWA

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and Northeast is Millionaire Howard Hughes, who owns 78% of TWA and 9.2% of Atlas Corp., the holding company that has a 56% controlling interest in Northeast. Under the merger terms, one share of TWA would be exchanged for three shares of Northeast common stock, if the plan meets the approval of TWA's board, the CAB, stockholders and major creditors. Hughes will also lend \$9,500,000 to Northeast from his Hughes Tool Co. to get its six, new, leased Convair 440 jets into operation for the Florida tourist season this winter.

For badly ailing Capital Airlines last week there was a management shake-up that may well be the first in a series of steps toward merger. Out as general counsel and chairman of Capital's executive committee went Charles Murchison, the line's biggest stockholder (80,532 shares), who had hoped to become boss. In as board chairman went Aviation Troubleshotter Thomas D. Neelands Jr., 57, longtime member of Capital's board (1948-58) and Wall Street investment banker, who has won a reputation as the man to find the money to save an airline.

When Neelands resigned in disgust from Capital's board in 1958, he warned that the line had "sought more routes than it could swallow and was working toward a crisis." Now, faced with a \$33.8 million mortgage foreclosure on planes and a full-scale CAB investigation, Capital President David H. Baker and his backers on Capital's board have called on Neelands to solve the line's woes.

Capital is in such bad shape that Neelands does not think it can merge in the near future: it is in no position to bargain with another line. It lost \$5,400,000 in the first three months this year, made a \$50,000 profit in April. Neelands believes that the economics of the airline business will eventually force Capital to merge if he can build it up into a desirable property. This week he will start to salvage Capital by shaking up its second-echelon executives. Next, he hopes to get rid of Capital's money-losing feeder routes. Says he: "If we were relieved of our Tobacco Road route and the feeder-line system, Capital could make money."

ADVERTISING

The Secrets Are Out

Under a bold-faced ad heading, ANTI-TRUST, Manhattan's Barclay hotel last February genially invited the nation's corporations to take advantage of its executive suites (\$7,500 a year and up). Said the Barclay in its ad in the New York Times: "Corporation secrets are best discussed in the privacy of an Executive Suite at the Barclay." Last week the statement was open to doubt. In Philadelphia a Federal Grand Jury returned a second set of indictments against eight electrical-equipment makers, charging antitrust violations involving criminal conspiracy to fix prices, divide markets and rig bids (TIME, Feb. 29). One of the hotels where the executives from the firms involved met to fix their prices: the Barclay.

GOVERNMENT

The Popping Cork

For more than a month, charges of influence peddling have swirled around Thomas G. ("Tommy the Cork") Corcoran's visits and phone calls to Federal Power commissioners in behalf of his high-paying (\$5,000 per month) client, Tennessee Gas Transmission Co. Last week the cocky Cork arrived for his long-awaited performance before the House Subcommittee on Legislative Oversight. Although he has gained weight and his hair has silvered, Tommy, now 59, showed that he has lost none of the brashness and slickness that made him a leading figure in Franklin Roosevelt's New Deal brain



LAWYER CORCORAN
With the brass behind.

trust. He talked so fast and so long for two days that he confused and angered the committee; he insisted that he had "a perfect right" to try to sway the FPC to grant a license to Midwestern Gas Transmission Co., a Tennessee Gas subsidiary, for a \$52 million pipeline.

Speak Softly. Corcoran's major point was that the case concerned an initial license, thus differed from one involving contested rates or competing applicants. Following the orders of Gardiner Symonds, board chairman of Tennessee, Corcoran said, he visited the commissioners last fall to spur action before the expiration of a Canadian deadline to build the pipeline. Corcoran said that Symonds told him to "bluntly" tell the commissioners that Symonds was not "calling wolf, wolf" when he said he would not accept less than a 7% rate of return for the pipeline to pump Canadian gas to the Midwest. FPC examiners had recommended 6½%. Corcoran said he knew that issuing an "ultimatum" to the commissioners would not have been "the polite way to do it," so he made Symonds' point "in a softer vein." Declared Corcoran: "I

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Love Letters to Rambler



Mr. Jud Larson

Once a frequent competitor in the Indianapolis Memorial Day Classic, Mr. Jud Larson now has retired from racing—still

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THE WORLD OVER



was invited to be a nagger, and I was. I walked down the corridors of that commission as I have always . . . in broad daylight, with a brass band behind me."

Corcoran said that he discussed only "procedural" and not the rate aspects or "merits" of the case with the commissioners, even though it would have been proper under the law. He claimed that he mentioned the 7% return only once with FPC Chairman Jerome Kuykendall. Explained Corcoran: "I told Mr. Kuykendall, 'Mr. Symonds still wants the 7%, but if you will look at the procedural suggestion made in the closing argument, maybe it won't be necessary to face that problem now.'" The suggestion was for FPC to grant the permit, fix the rate later. That is what FPC did, Corcoran said Symonds criticized him for talking "too softly." Added Corcoran in an aggrieved tone: "I'm wondering if it isn't improper if a lawyer doesn't take care of his client up to the limits of the law on the books at the time."

Long-Playing Record. After lecturing the committee on the slowness of FPC and its heavy backlog of 3,000 cases, Corcoran drew fire from New York Republican Steven B. Derounian. "I don't want you to be a long-playing record, because you have been doing that for two days now," said Derounian. But why, he wanted to know, hadn't Corcoran kept an office record of his work for Tennessee Gas? Replied the Cork: "I don't come down here in the same kind of a case as your friend Tom Dewey, who is also a friend of mine, with a long, long time-sheet justification as to how he charged more than I did in the case." Corcoran was referring to payments of \$73,613 to Dewey's law firm in gas cases in 1957 and 1958. The FPC allowed the companies to pass on part of Dewey's fees to consumers, but it has not allowed Tennessee to pass Corcoran's fees on, because he has not explained them.

"Tom Dewey is not my friend," roared Derounian. Then he looked sharply at Arkansas Democrat Oren Harris, chairman of the committee, and told Corcoran: "And stop winking at the chairman with your left eye. Maybe he is your friend too," Corcoran blandly denied he was winking. He has, he said, a tic in his left eye.

Beyond entertaining the spectators, Corcoran posed the issue between illegality and impropriety in approaching regulatory-agency commissioners. All his talks, said Corcoran, were perfectly legal under the Administrative Procedure Act. "I think I know as much about the Federal Power Commission as most people," he boasted, "and I'm telling you it's the law." Nobody was able to dispute him. For Tommy the Cork helped write the law that set up FPC. Illinois Republican William Springer raised the question of impropriety: "It doesn't appear that ethically you or anybody else should be entitled to do what you have done. If you are on sound ground, we ought to change the law. Don't you agree?" Corcoran agreed—and added blithely: "I'll be glad to think it through and make some suggestions."

NEW PRODUCTS

The Smell of Success

Plastic artificial roses that actually smell went on sale at Macy's this week. The man who put the fragrance in the flowers is Jack Barry, onetime master of ceremonies and co-owner of *Twenty One* and *Tic Tac Dough*.

Barry has not been able to get a TV job since a congressional committee sniffed at his quiz shows, found the smell was far from rosy. But in happier days, when he was earning as much as \$200,000 a year and had sold his shows to NBC for \$1,000,000, he invested \$50,000 in a small Manhattan chemical firm, the Fragrance Process Co. It was founded in



G. D. Hockett
FRAGRANCE'S JACK BARRY
A rose by any other nose.

1952 by Alfred Neuwald, 64, a Hungarian-born chemist who used Barry's money to perfect a pellet to impregnate plastics with hundreds of different fragrances.

When his TV jobs folded, Barry became Fragrance's executive vice president, invested another \$50,000, and went to work to sell his product. He persuaded the American Botany Corp., biggest U.S. maker of plastic flowers, to try the pellets. The company now buys 2,000 lbs. a month to scent 1,200,000 flowers with a fragrance that is said to last more than four months. Barry signed Texas Plastics Inc. of Elsa, Tex., to scent its plastic bags. The response was so good that it is planning to turn out some 100 million scented bags this year, chiefly for packaging clothes and bedding (cedar scent) and for wrapping hosiery in perfumed sacks.

Barry says the time coming when almost all polyethylene bags will be scented to match the product enclosed, even to spinach, orange and other odors for foods. There is even a better scent for mouse-traps: one Midwestern maker has ordered pellets to give his traps the scent of chocolate or bacon, which mice prefer to cheese.

MILESTONES

Marriage Revealed. Herbert Marshall, 69, craftsmanlike, one-legged (from a World War I wound) British-born cinematographer; and Mrs. Dee Anne Kahmann, 38, department-store buyer; he for the fifth time, she for the third; in Los Angeles, on April 25.

Divorced. By R. J. (for Richard Joshua) Reynolds, 54, hard-living tobacco heir, onetime mayor of Winston-Salem, N.C., now confined by ill health to his private island off the Georgia coast; Muriel Maud Marston Laurence Greenough Reynolds, fortyish, his third wife, a former Toronto socialite and World War II foreign correspondent; after almost eight years of marriage, no children; in Darien, Ga.

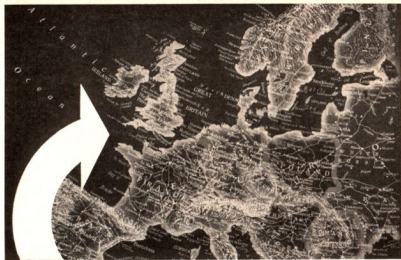
Died. Audrey May Wurdemann (Mrs. Joseph Auslander), 49, Percy Bysshe Shelley's great-great-granddaughter, who at 24 became the youngest winner of the Pulitzer Prize for poetry, subsequently collaborated with her poet-professor husband on two successful novels (*My Uncle Jan*, *The Islanders*); of a heart attack following a leg fracture; in Miami.

Died. Fred Harvey, 57, flamboyant president of Harvey's Department Store in Nashville, Tenn.; of a heart attack; in Nashville. Leaving Brown University—where he was voted least likely to succeed—Harvey worked for a succession of stores across the U.S. before starting business in Nashville in 1942. There, his colorful advertising and merchandising—including displays of the Hope Diamond and the brass bed of a Chicago madam—produced galloping expansion and a current volume estimated at \$20 million.

Died. Edwin Emil Witte, 73, practical economist who, during his 37 years on the University of Wisconsin faculty, brain-trusted countless federal and state laws, including the U.S. Social Security Act of 1935, served on more than 30 Government bodies, from the National War Labor Board to the U.S. Atomic Energy Labor Relations Panel; following a series of strokes; in Madison, Wis.

Died. Harold Ordway Rugg, 74, Dewey-eyed educator at Columbia University's Teachers College for 31 years, whose high school textbooks sold an estimated 5,500,000 copies despite their being attacked by pressure groups as "un-American" and banned in some communities; of a heart attack; in Bearsville, N.Y.

Born. To Crip, twenty-five, lanky (5 ft. 8 in.), loudmouthed (voice range: three miles) whooping crane, the nation's rarest bird (about 40 left in existence), and Josephine, 21, his yellow-eyed spouse; their fourth surviving offspring (in seven years of captive mating); at New Orleans' Audubon Park Zoo.



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Beyond the Age of Anxiety

HOMAGE TO CLIO (91 pp.)—W. H. Auden—Random House (\$3.50).

Wystan Hugh Auden is a chameleon among modern poets. He has moved from Marxism to Anglo-Catholicism, changed with startling ease from the gay garb of a tart poetaster to the grave robes of the searcher for ultimate truth. He often goes back over his poems and revises them to conform with his new sentiments. From some of his work, as his thinking turned increasingly conservative, he dropped scathing references to dons, capitalists and churchmen—for instance these lines written in 1933:

*Like corrupt clergymen filthy from
their holes
Deformed and imbecile.*

Although these second and third thoughts annoy pigeonholing critics, Auden's revisions are one sign that it is influential. Even more than T. S. Eliot, he is responsible for the unfettered, almost conversational tone that makes modern poetry sound modern. His manner has always been topical, chatty, a bit brash, unfailingly poised, only rarely lyrical. Above all, Auden's work suggests that there is nothing a poet cannot write poetry about, and most young poets since the early '30s have borrowed his air of verbal freedom. With wit to spare, cleverness sometimes beyond hearing, and effortless technique, he dazzled his contemporaries well before he had anything of lasting value to say.

At 53, Auden may well have said everything of value he ever will say, but on the whole he restates it effectively. *Hommage to Clio*—poems written during the past five years—is the work of the self-revised, settled Auden, but it still offers a reasonably varied mixture. The earlier, brash Auden still reappears occasionally with bits of wise-guy fluff:

*T. S. Eliot is quite at a loss
When clubwomen bustle across
At literary teas,
Crying: "What, if you please
Did you mean by The Mill on the
Floss?"*

But in the same vein, he can get in some telling jabs:

*Oxbridge philosophers, to be cursory,
Are products of a middle-class nursery;
Their arguments are anent
What Nanny really meant.*

His homage to Clio, muse of history and time, takes forms and settled attitudes that only mellowness can explain. No great-man theories of history will satisfy him, no view of the past that dwells on great events and revolves around the doers and shakers of the moment. Clio, he is convinced, cares for the little man, the steady chap who tends the store and provides the hardly discernible back-

bone that supports the homely burdens. And Auden can make his peace with an entire universe seem like wry resignation:

*Looking up at the stars, I know quite
well
That, for all they care, I can go to hell.*

*Were all stars to disappear or die,
I should learn to look at an empty sky
And feel its total dark sublime,
Though this might take me a little time.*

Clio is more poetically ruminative than ambitious, makes no attempt to spell out the problems of the human condition that



Reg. George

POET AUDEN
Toward God with irony.

led to the warnings and preachments of *The Age of Anxiety*. Auden has no palliatives now, no longer looks for comfort or understanding in Marx, Freud or egoistic routes to salvation. Instead, there is an air of hard-won shrewdness and a recourse to God, whose mysterious being is suggested with what might seem Audenesque skepticism if it were not so typically an Auden commitment. For Poet Auden, who frankly admits to his friends that he feels obliged to be amusing, sounds vaguely flip even when he discusses his God. And to prove God's existence, he ironically cites the unease of those who deny it:

*What reverence is rightly paid
To a Divinity so odd
He lets the Adam whom He made
Perform the acts of God?*

*All proofs or disproofs that we tender
Of His existence are returned
Unopened to the sender.*

*Now, did He really break the seal
And rise again? We dare not say;
But conscious unbelievers feel
Quite sure of Judgment Day.*

Mixed Fiction

THE BIG WARD, by Jacoba van Velde (120 pp.; Simon & Schuster; \$3), a major literary success in Europe, is an uncommonly honest novel about the ordinary death of an ordinary old woman. In it, Dutch author Jacoba van Velde manages to skirt the standard literary paths to death—cynicism, hysteria, indifference and bravado. Her setting is an old-women's nursing home, and in it the place to avoid is the big ward. To be moved there from the little ward, which beds only six, is a sure sign that the doctors have sighted the end; to be switched from the big to the little is to be given a reprieve. Mrs. Van der Veen has had a stroke at home, but when she awakes, she is still in the little ward. She is 74. "A good age," the doctor says. But what can be good about it? Her husband is dead. Her only child is married to a poverty-bound painter in Paris. And the nagging pain in her stomach is no mystery to either the doctor or the reader. But though she dreads death, it is the contemplation of life present and past that makes Mrs. Van der Veen touching.

Hers has been the routine existence of a careful housewife, a faithful, even timid mate, a concerned mother. Now, around her in the hospital, she sees too many examples of human ugliness—women near death who can still be petty, cruel, gluttonous and vain. Yet she still has an eye for a youngster at play, for courting pigeons, for flowers. Author van Velde triumphs over her unattractive little world by accepting it for what it is, just as Mrs. Van der Veen, with all her fears, remains a figure of dignity till the end. Without tricks—and without sentimentality—*The Big Ward* leaves the feeling that it is not about dying but about a life, however commonplace, that has been lived well.

THE CHAPMAN REPORT, by Irving Wallace (371 pp.; Simon & Schuster; \$4.50), fills an unmet need for a peeping tome to set beside *Peyton Place*. Dr. Chapman is an all but sexless biologist who has extended his studies of the lemur and marmoset to the sex habits of U.S. males and females. With his worshipful male research team, Chapman invades "The Briars," an upper middle-class Los Angeles suburb, to do interviews for *A Sex History of the American Married Female*. Expectedly, all the watched sexpots in The Briars boil over, either during the interviewing sessions or in uncontrolled experiments. Among the cases: Sarah Goldsmith, a mother of two who is cheating on a tabby-cat husband with a tomcat theater director; Naomi Shields, an alcoholic nymphomaniac who accommodates an entire jazz combo; Teresa Harmish, the arty wife of an art dealer who decides to find out from a Cro-Magnon beach bum how the other half lives. For a change of pace, the heroine is frigid, or thinks she is.

The book turns luridly melo-traumatic when an interviewer commits rape-murder and suicide. The novel begins with the smile of a spoof-exposé, contorts to a smirk and very nearly ends as a smutty

soap opera badly in need of soap. It is notable largely for the crass calculation with which author and publisher can manufacture an almost certain bestseller, as well as for one of its few serious points, made when Dr. Chapman is denounced as the egocentric charlatan he is: "You speak of love in numbers. Human beings are hardly numbers at all. No numbers can add up devotion, tenderness, trust, pity, sacrifice, intimacy."

MIGUEL STREET, by V. S. Naipaul [222 pp.; Vanguard; \$3.95], recalls the fact that, by some twist of mind or diet, the inhabitants of Trinidad speak English in a way that startles and delights the ear. They have this in common with nonprofessional speakers of Irish English (the barroom Irish of Manhattan's Third Avenue are tedious professionals) and with the talkers of Elizabethan England, if their playwrights bear true witness. In writing about such magnificent lingoists, color threatens to overwhelm shape, as it very nearly did in Naipaul's roguish first novel, *The Mystic Masses*. In these sketches about Port of Spain, he lets shape find its own way home. This makes it hard to tell just how good a writer he may be, but the color, at least, is brilliant.

Miguel Street's best rhetorician is a broad-sterned woman named Laura, who has had eight children by seven men. "Man, she like Shakespeare when it come to using words," says a man who is inexplicably called Hat. Tenderly, Laura gives her brood the rough side of her tongue: "Alwyn, you broad-mouth brute, come here," and "Lorna, you black bow-leg bitch, why you can't look what you doing?"

Laura is not the street's only eccentric. There is Big Foot, a solemn and terrifying prankster who expresses his view of an unwashed world by getting a job driving a bus, hauling his passengers five miles beyond the city, and then forcing them to get out and bathe. There is Man-Man, who writes random words in the street, repeating a vowel for several blocks if he likes its looks. Author Naipaul, a native of Trinidad, understands well that his comical characters do not live comic lives, and his best sketches are shaded with compassion. When police drag a much-admired fraud named Bogart off to jail for non-support, his friend Hat gives an eloquent explanation of why Bogart had left his wife in a distant village and returned to strut about Miguel Street: "To be a man, among we men." Laura, Bogart, and a few more of Port of Spain's people deserve another look.

Patient Leatherstocking

THE LETTERS AND JOURNALS OF JAMES FENIMORE COOPER [2 vols., 444 pp. & 420 pp.]—edited by James Franklin Beard—Belknap Press of Harvard University (\$20).

The first American novelist to enjoy literary success in Europe was an ex-naval officer from upstate New York named James Fenimore Cooper. His father, a rich landowner, founded Coopers-

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town, N.Y., where Abner Doubleday was to invent baseball, but where Cooper made an even greater invention—the noble red man and the heroic myth of the American frontier. On Cooper's novels of the New York wilderness—*The Last of the Mohicans*, *The Pathfinder*, *The Deerslayer*—rests the somewhat guarded claim of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* that he is "the most important man of letters ever connected with Yale,"* and the more generous assertion that "he created an American literature out of American materials."

Cooper's letters and journals deal largely with the seven years (1826-33) during which he lived it up in England and on the Continent. The mountainous, two-volume compilation—a bluestocking's tribute to Leatherstocking as well as an impressive research feat—is the work of Clark University's James Franklin Beard, whose 15-year trail took him from the archives of Warsaw to New England bookstores (in one of which he found a Cooper fragment addressed to an Ojibway Indian). The nonscholar is advised to read by the strip-mining method of ignoring the gritty substratum of footnotes, which run as high as 28 for one letter, and following two thin but constant veins of comic paydirt.

One is the familiar "Innocents Abroad" theme. The other is Cooper's occasional misunderstanding of his own achievement. Most of his 32 novels were adventure stories about Indians and trappers or about the sea. But he also produced a handful of society novels, beginning with his first book, *Precaution*, written in 1820 on a dare by his wife, and there were times when Cooper seemed to regard these as his most exciting work. Though his own Natty Bumppo—the Deerslayer—eventually lessened this illusion, Cooper could write: "Europe itself is a Romance, while all America is a matter of fact, humdrum, common sense region from Quoddy to Cape Florida."

Snobs & Tuft-Hunters. In America's future there was a Mark Twain, whose frontier lay almost a thousand miles to the west of Cooper's, and whose literary sights were set a great deal more truly than Natty Bumppo's. It was Mark Twain who pointed the double irony—that Cooper, who wrote badly of the society he knew, knew nothing of what he wrote best about—savages. When Cooper hit Paris in 1826, he was able to report complacently to his publisher: "*Mohicans* is looking up famously in Europe." The resident intellectuals, including Jean Jacques Rousseau with his ideals about the "noble savage," had softened up the civilized world for Cooper and his admirable aborigines. He was as much a social lion as Benjamin Franklin in his fur cap.

There were moral and social problems for the good, clean-living, republican American, and Cooper was not always sure-footed in his pathfinding amid the tangled family trees that snarled the mon-



NOVELIST COOPER
Fascinated by his blue blood.

eyed moccasins of the American traveler. Surrounded by aristocrats, he complained touchily that his own family "did not exactly come out of the gutter," but he never accepted the obvious fact that he was invited out for his redskins and not for his blue blood.

Cooper did a lot of commuting between Paris and London, and he successfully tried the English game of snobbery; he decided, for instance, that the Bishop of Landaff was not "the real thing," mainly because the cleric said "My Lady" to a lady, just

like the servants. He never really felt right in England; for one thing, tips (\$50 in 16 days) were excessive, and for another, he lacked either a British or American sense of humor. In the end, he came to feel guilty when he found that the creator of Leatherstocking had a reputation back home of "trying night and day to live with dukes and duchesses." He and his family were not really "tuft-hunters," he protested, adding that he had no desire to marry his four daughters to Europeans.*

Bugs & Laces. When Cooper forgot the wounds suffered in such snob warfare, he was a remarkably sensible observer. "We are going up and England is coming down," he noted time and again. Within 50 years, he predicted in 1831, "the government of England will become exactly what Lafayette wished to make France—a nominal monarchy, but virtually a republic." He added: "The prestige of their detestable aristocracy will for a long time linger in the slavish minds of their people." When in France, he wrote that England "is a country which knows well how to handle a king." Straight Bourbon was too much for his republican stomach, and there were other unpleasant things about France—"a strange country made up of dirt and gilding, good cheer and soupe maigre, bedbugs and laces."

A great deal of Cooper's time, passion and talent was squandered on remote or nonliterary causes. There are pages on the wrongs of Poland, and a lot of fascinating stuff written in an art form that modern communications have destroyed—the epistolary description of family life and public events and personages. Toward the end of his stay in Europe, Cooper grew increasingly restless. He sensed, he wrote, "a disposition to drive me back again into my own hemisphere."

Libel & Vampires. Cooper became bitter about critics who complained of both his style of writing and of living. His letters rumble with snarls against such "jackals" and "vampires"—back home he sued several of them for libel, and won. Perhaps he had stayed in Europe too long; on his return he seemed out of step with Jacksonian America, and though he wrote many more novels—including several highly popular Leatherstocking tales—he could not really regain the favor of critics or public.

Despite occasional critical attempts to rescue him from the juvenile field, Cooper has never really recovered his reputation. For all the journals' odd historical interest, Compiler Beard seems to have performed his scholastic labors in defiance of the Clerihew:

Once it was a social blooper
Not to have read some Fenimore
Cooper.
But no one now reads any Fenimore
Cooper any more.

* Two of his daughters never married. Caroline became the wife of a Cooperstown publisher, and Maria Frances married her cousin, a widower with seven children.



WYETH'S "LAST OF THE MOHICANS"
More fascinating for his redskins.

* In an article by Valemman William Lyon Phelps.

Four Men . . .



Four men make LIFE vital reading this week. A resolute Eisenhower, an insolent Khrushchev: in pages of memorable photographs, LIFE brings into focus the Summit, its aftermath, a hero's welcome home for Ike. A persuasive Stevens, an optimistic MacLeish: in articles by these distinguished Americans, LIFE opens its great, continuing discussion of the National Purpose of the United States.

OUT TODAY in the new issue of

LIFE

TIME LISTINGS

CINEMA

The Savage Eye. The eye is the camera, and savage is the word for it as it views the pointless life and loveless love of a Los Angeles divorcee.

Jazz on a Summer's Day. During 85 woolly minutes at the Newport Jazz Festival, first-time Director Bert Stern gives his audience some solid sound, and a way-in view of the way out: Thelonius Monk, Gerry Mulligan and like that.

Hiroshima, Mon Amour. From the ashes of Hiroshima and the revivifying love of a French actress and a Japanese architect, Director Alain Resnais has woven the acknowledged masterpiece of the New Wave in French cinema.

Flame over India. An ingenious script-writer tricks out a trek through the rebellious India of 1905 with such assorted jaws of death, nicks of time, and ours-not-to-reason-why that the eastern may become as popular as the western.

Polyanna. Showing an infallible instinct for what the public wants but would be better off without, Walt Disney has blended freshets of onion juice and a Niagara of drivel into a movie tearfully true to the Eleanor Porter novel. Hayley Mills is excellently horrid in the lead.

The Battle of the Sexes. Thurber's *The Catbird Seat*, wondrously transmogrified by a queer breed of cat; Actor Peter Sellers, as a timorous Edinburgh clerk, is determined to murder an American efficiency expert (Constance Cummings) who threatens his inky way of life.

I'm All Right, Jack. Sellers again, looking like a fanatical potato as he plays a zealous shop steward in a satire whose edges nick both capital and labor.

TELEVISION

Wed., May 25

Listening Post-East (ABC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.).* An appraisal of Communist China from the vantage point of Hong Kong. Interviews with refugees, journalists.

Wednesday Night Fights (ABC, 10 p.m.). Archie Moore faces Germany's Willi Besmanoff.

Armstrong Circle Theater (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). *Positive Identification* dramatizes the work of the Legal Aid Society when it defends a man who is falsely accused.

Thurs., May 26

Spring Music Festival (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). Eugene Ormandy conducts the Philadelphia Orchestra.

Fri., May 27

March of Medicine (NBC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). A tribute to the G.P.'s: five doctors at work in various parts of the U.S.

Thrills of the 1960s Circus (CBS, 9-10 p.m.). Ringling Bros.-Barnum & Bailey.

CBS Reports (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). In *Who Speaks for the South?* prominent figures in Atlanta, including Mayor William B. Hartsfield and Editor Ralph McGill, explore the integration problem.

Sat., May 28

World Wide 60 (NBC, 9:30-10:30 p.m.). Are Americans too soft to stand up to their

enemies? Answers are offered in *The American Fighting Man—Korea Plus Ten*.

Sun., May 29

The Twentieth Century (CBS, 6:30-7 p.m.). Films of the Russo-Finnish War of 1939 when the outnumbered Finns outmaneuvered the invading Russians. Re-broadcast.

The Chevy Mystery Show (9-10 p.m.). First in a new suspense series by such writers as Gore Vidal, Adrian Spies, A. E. Hotchner.

Tues., May 31

The Garry Moore Show (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). With the Lennon Sisters and Andy Griffith.

THEATER

On Broadway

Bye Bye Birdie. A bodacious teenage crooner (Dick Gautier) emits a rousing rock-'n'-roll call, and among those who follow it in this rambunctious musical are a howling pack of teen-agers, leggy Dancer Chita Rivera, and, for some reason, a lodgeful of fuddled Shriners.

Duel of Angels. The last of Jean Giraudoux's plays (adapted by Christopher Fry) is an ironic toast of farewell: cold champagne served by a cold, elegant hand. As an errant lady who convinces a too-pure Lucrece that she has been raped, Vivien Leigh is at her best.

The Best Man. In a 1960 political convention, a ruthless opportunist and a hopeless idealist gnaw at each other's vitals while the audience tries to decide just who in actual political life most closely resembles Playwright Gore Vidal's characters.

Toys in the Attic. A ne'er-do-well comes into money, distressing the women who have fed him—and fed on his weakness. Playwright Lillian Hellman writes with all her old astingency, and Jason Robards Jr., Maureen Stapleton, Irene Worth and Anne Revere are excellent.

The Tenth Man. Paddy Chayefsky's thoroughly original exercise in exorcism.

The Miracle Worker. William Gibson's dramatization of Helen Keller's childhood is memorable theater, largely because of the rousing performances of Patty Duke and Anne Bancroft.

Fiorello! A light musical sprays old New Yorkers with nostalgia, informs Cholly-come-latelines that La Guardia is more than an airport.

West Side Story. Back in town with essentially the same cast, this milestone dance-musical of 1957 follows its serious theme (gang warfare in Manhattan slums) as movingly as ever.

Off Broadway

Henry IV, Part I alternating with *Part II*. The Phoenix Theater proves that the adventures of Falstaff, Prince Hal and Mistress Quickly deserve more attention than they generally get.

The Prodigal. In one of the season's most original works, Playwright Jack Richardson turns the Orestes legend into a mocking, modern statement.

The Balcony. To France's Jean Genet, the world is a great squamous bordello, and his play argues with convincing irony in support of this notion.

BOOKS

Best Reading

Through Streets Broad and Narrow, by Gabriel Fielding. The author follows the young English hero of two earlier novels (*Brotherly Love*, *In the Time of Green-bloom*) to Ireland; there, amid torrents of brilliant but overplotted prose, he finds that shamrocks can be harder than granite.

The Wayward Comrade and the Commissars, by Yuri Olesha. The author is now a docile party-liner, but in 1927, when he wrote the short novel *Envy*, which heads this paperbacked collection, he was a satirist well able to see the terrors of the new robot society.

The Affair, by C. P. Snow. The eighth novel in the author's projected eleven-volume cycle on Britain's New Men uses a scientific scandal to set off a typically reflective, genteel—and slow-moving—investigation of one of the dilemmas of power: how to judge not, yet still do justice.

Venetian Red, by P. M. Pasinetti. The canals of Venice are mocking mirrors of human folly in this wry first novel about two fascinating Italian families.

Food for Centaurs, by Robert Graves. In a remarkably varied collection of poems, essays and stories, joyfully cantankerous Author Graves goat-foots it, in his words, "full-speed in the wilder regions of my own, some say crazy, head."

The Sign of Taurus, by William Field. This quirky novel revolves with less than planetary steadiness around the zodiacal notions of a Polish countess who is stranded in Mexico; fortunately the author's astrologic chopping is relieved by fine descriptions of Mexican sights and sounds.

The War Memoirs of Charles de Gaulle: Vol. III, Salvation 1944-46. This final volume shows clearly the incorruptible honesty, and the accurate but sometimes irritating sense of destiny, of the man who may well prove to be the greatest Frenchman of his century.

The Leopard, by Giuseppe di Lampedusa. The story of the deterioration of Sicilian nobility in the 19th century becomes, in the author's wry, melancholy prose, an elegy to the aristocratic spirit.

Best Sellers

FICTION

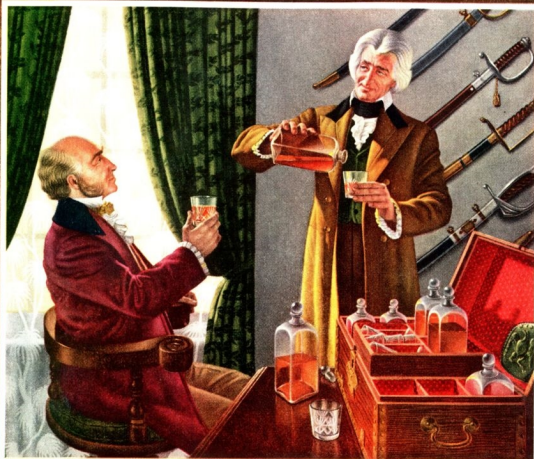
1. *Advise and Consent*, Drury (2)*
2. *Hawaii*, Michener (1)
3. *The Constant Image*, Davenport (3)
4. *Ourselves to Know*, O'Hara (5)
5. *The Lincoln Lords*, Hawley (4)
6. *The Leopard*, Di Lampedusa (7)
7. *Trustee from the Toolroom*, Shute (6)
8. *Clea*, Durrell (8)
9. *My Brother Michael*, Stewart
10. *Kiss Kiss*, Dahl

NONFICTION

1. *May This House Be Safe from Tigers*, King (1)
2. *Folk Medicine*, Jarvis (2)
3. *The Law and the Profits*, Parkinson (3)
4. *The Enemy Within*, Kennedy (4)
5. *I Kid You Not*, Paar (6)
6. *Act One*, Hart (5)
7. *Born Free*, Adamson (8)
8. *Hollywood Rajah*, Crowther
9. *My Wicked, Wicked Ways*, Flynn (10)
10. *Giant Moves South*, Catton (7)

* Position on last week's list.

* All times E.D.T.



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